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WILLIAM FAIRLIE CLARKE

M. D., F. R. C. S.

HIS LIFE, CORRESPONDENCE

HOSPITAL SKETCHES AND ADDRESSES

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For
Dr Stedman
with Lady Mary Fergusson's
kind regards
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Memoir of William Fairlie Clarke.

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very truly yours
Wm. Faislie Clarke

A. Stedman

WILLIAM FAIRLIE CLARKE,

M.D., F.R.C.S.,

AUTHOR OF 'DISEASES OF THE TONGUE,' ETC.

His Life and Letters,
Hospital Sketches and Addresses.

By E. A. W.,

AUTHOR OF 'HYMNS AND THOUGHTS IN VERSE,' 'HUMBERT THE BRAVE,' ETC.

With Portrait.

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PREFACE.

THE following short sketch of the life of Dr. W. Fairlie Clarke has been written in hopes that it may be useful and helpful to others. It shows how a devout life may be maintained by a busy professional man, to whom frequent week-day attendance at religious services either at church, chapel, or mission-hall are alike impossible. The flame of religious ardour must in such a case be kept alive by other means. That it can be sustained, and a high standard of holiness be reached, by the active medical practitioner as well as by others whose occupations are not so severe, is, we think, shown in the life of Dr. W. Fairlie Clarke, as it has been in many other instances. It is indeed useful in these days of abundant religious excitement to be reminded that religion does not consist, as ascetics in all ages have imagined, in the exclusion from our minds of all secular thought, but in living a holy life, in 'doing

justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God;' in being 'not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'

If these pages should likewise awake in any of its readers a livelier interest in our young medical students, another desire of the writer will then be accomplished; for their welfare was very dear to the heart of Dr. Fairlie Clarke, and was the object of his most earnest and persevering endeavours, and constant prayer.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD—SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LIFE—CONVERSION—CHOICE OF PROFESSION.

'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'
—JOHN iii. 3.

'Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee!'
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WILLIAM FAIRLIE CLARKE was born at Calcutta in 1833. His father, who was attached to the Bengal Civil Service, died in that city on September 23, 1835. The maiden name of his mother was Arabella Anne Cheap. She was born in India, but spent the early years of her life at Elvington, Yorkshire, under the care of an aunt, sister to the Rev. Andrew Clark, then rector of that place. At the age of sixteen she returned to her parents in India, and was married in A.D. 1820 to William Fairlie Clarke.[1]

[1] The name Fairlie came from an uncle who belonged to an Ayrshire family.

William Fairlie's earliest reminiscences were of his voyage home from India after his father's death. When he was only seven years old, his eldest brother died, Patrick Cheap, an officer in the Bengal Army, at the early age of nineteen. This youth deserves an honourable mention, for, in days when religion was not so frequent in the army as it is now, he had manfully served God, and endeavoured to live a Christian life.

William's boyhood was a happy one under the wise and tender supervision of his mother, and, being the youngest of the family, he was an object of special affection to the other brothers and sisters. As a boy he was very merry, an adept at all games, and his spirit and intelligence gave ample promise for the future. He went to Rugby when fifteen years of age, Dr. Goulburn, the well-known author of *Thoughts on Personal Religion*, being then head-master.

A fragment of autobiography gives us a sketch of his life, beginning at this time, and brings before us the event which he himself regarded as the most important in his whole career.

A Chapter of Autobiography.

'*Dec.* 5, 1875.—It was at Sidmouth in the

summer holidays of 1852. I was then at Rugby School. I was in the sixth form, and in "The Eleven." We had gone to Sidmouth for the benefit of my mother's health.

'One night—it must have been towards the end of July—I could not sleep. I lay awake, crying and sobbing under a profound conviction of my own sinfulness, and my need of deep repentance. I had been well instructed in religious knowledge, and I knew that, if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and I knew also that whosoever cometh unto Christ He will in no wise cast out. That night I slept little. Next morning I rose very early, and walked up and down the esplanade, communing with my own heart and with God.

'And now, after an experience of twenty-three years, I humbly believe that during that night of spiritual distress, and that communion with God by the seaside on that summer morning, there was wrought in me, by the power of the Holy Ghost, that great change which the Saviour speaks of as "a new birth."

"Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulders gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me."

'The little memoir of Abby Bolton was a book to which I turned at this time with great delight. It had been lent me by Mrs. ——, and I read it and re-read it with no small profit. Parts of it I recollect vividly to this day, though I have not seen it for twenty years.

'Within a few days I wrote to Mr. John Campbell Shairp, now Principal of St. Andrews, the master of my boarding house at Rugby, to express my regret for not having made better use of the advantages which the school afforded, and to promise amendment for the short time that I was yet to stay there.

'In June 1851 the school character that I had received was but a poor one. It is evident I was wasting my time. This character my mother had forwarded to me, with a few lines of her own written on the back. I crumpled it up in my hand, scorning, I suppose, both the character itself and the loving exhortation that accompanied it, and was on the point of throwing it away, but better thoughts prevailed, and it is in my desk now. To me it is a precious document, for it is almost the only letter of my mother's that I possess, and, soiled and crumpled as it is, it seems to remind me of my own idleness and re-

jection of good advice (which I look back upon with shame), and of my mother's affectionate and unwearied efforts for my welfare, for which I can never be sufficiently thankful.

'But I had now been brought to a better mind; my mother's prayers had received the first instalment of their answer; and in July 1852 I wrote, as I have said, expressing my desire to redeem the few weeks I was yet to remain at Rugby.

'In looking back upon the incident which forms the main subject of this chapter, there are two or three remarks which it appears to me important to make.

'(1) As far as I could see, no Church ordinances had any direct effect in working in me the change to which I have alluded, though I do not doubt they had an indirect effect, as forming part of the religious training in which we were brought up.

'(2) Some people object to fixing thus definitely the time of conversion. But are there not many examples of speedy, and even of sudden conversion in the New Testament? If it is not the way in which the Holy Spirit usually works, it is at least one of the modes of His operation. Christian biography abundantly testifies this.

By conversion, I understand, a change is wrought upon our mental, moral, and spiritual nature, whereby we are, as it were, turned right round, so that our thoughts, our affections, and our aspirations come to be supremely set upon God and upon good. This operation of the Holy Ghost Christ Himself compares to the wind. Sometimes the wind blows gently, but continuously, from a particular quarter, and we see the trees permanently bent under its influence; sometimes a tree is thrown over by a few severe gales; sometimes it is torn up by the roots by a sudden hurricane. So it is with the afflatus of God's Spirit; and I believe there are many cases of real conversion corresponding to each of these actions of the wind.

'(3) In looking back over these twenty-three years, I can say with truth that my life since July 1852 has been a different one from my previous life. Old things then passed away, and all things became new. My feet were turned into another path, and, by the grace of God, they have been kept in that path ever since. He that began a good work has continued it unto this present hour. I well know, and I confess with shame, that all this while my heart

has been full of rebellious and wicked thoughts; I have said many things that were wrong as well as foolish; and I have done much that was likely to discredit my Christian profession, and to grieve my Saviour. At times the flame of my spiritual life has burnt very low,—so low that it could scarcely have given any token to those around me, and certainly could not have afforded them any help. Still, though all this is perfectly true, and I acknowledge it with shame and regret, yet what I said before is no less true; namely, that my life since July 1852 has been altogether a new one, different from, and higher than, my previous life. And though I have had my periods of spiritual dullness and inactivity, I can truly say that I have never for any great length of time been without the earnest desire to spend my life in the service of that gracious God and loving Father who has called me into His kingdom and glory through Jesus Christ my Saviour.

'*July* 1877.—And here let me add a sentence or two with regard to my own children.

'It is not in our power to give them true conversion of heart to God,—His Spirit alone can effect *that;* but we can do our utmost by prayer and supplication to beseech God to give them

an effectual blessing, and we can use every endeavour to prepare their minds and character for the reception of it. We cannot light the heavenly fire; but we can, as it were, lay the wood and the coal in order.'

Here, then, we have, as it were, the watershed of William Fairlie Clarke's life. Hitherto his thoughts and aspirations had tended to earthly things; henceforth they were fixed on heaven. His course from this date up to the close of his life, more than thirty years afterwards, was—

> 'Right upwards and right onwards
> To yonder throne.'

The story of his conversion should be full of encouragement to many an anxious mother. In due season shall she reap if she faint not.

In vain men may scoff at the notion of a supernatural influence exercised on the heart. Experience of a fact rebuts assertions of its impossibility. Sober-minded, scientific men, such as was the subject of this memoir, deserve to be attended to when they give us their own spiritual history, and state their own deliberate conviction of the crisis through which they have passed, and of the divine Agent who directed it.

The autobiography goes on to narrate his

entrance on college life, and his first great sorrow on the death of his mother.

'I left Rugby in October 1852, and went straight to Oxford. I distinctly remember how, in driving from the station to Tom Gate, I earnestly prayed that I might be a member of Christ's Church in the truest sense, and that in this new period of my life I might walk worthy of my high calling. Through my brother I was introduced to one or two pious men, and I can never be sufficiently thankful for the friendships which I thus made at Oxford. I only regret that I did not cast in my lot more promptly and more unreservedly with the circle of God-fearing men to which he introduced me.

'On the morning of February 10, 1853, we were summoned by telegraph to Low Harrogate, as my mother was sinking fast. We started with as little delay as possible, but when we reached Leeds the last train for Harrogate had started, and there was nothing for it but to take a cab. It was a bitterly cold night, the snow lying thick upon the ground, and the drive was a mournful and desolate one in every sense. When we arrived at the house at about eleven o'clock, we found it shut up for the night. All was over with our mother. Her

earthly life had ended at four in the afternoon, and my brother and my three sisters, wearied with fatigue and distress, had gone early to bed. We crept softly up-stairs; were taken into the chamber of death, that we might see our mother's face once more; and then we too retired to rest.

'On the 15th we laid our mother in the churchyard at Elvington, and we have always regarded it as a merciful circumstance that we were able thus to bury her in the village which was dear to her as having been her early home, and with which we have as a family been ever since more or less connected. The 15th was a beautiful winter day. The sun shone brightly upon the snow as we laid our mother down in the grave under the south side of the old church.'

One of the friends of Dr. Fairlie Clarke's college life gives us the following reminiscences of him at this period:—

'You most truly speak of William as so loving. His brightness and cheerfulness were also most pleasing traits in his character. Such was also his earnestness. The time that I was most closely connected with him was during a six weeks' reading party at the English Lakes in 1856. It was chiefly through his means that we adopted the

practice of reading the Holy Scriptures every morning before breakfast for half an hour together, and I well remember how that reading gave me a new view of St. Paul's character. It must have been he who led us to join a Bible class at Keswick on Sunday, and I can remember how on one of these we were led to dwell upon the manna given to the Israelites as a type of the food supplied to us in the Word of God. There was a word which I have never forgotten. I was in a great deal of trouble about my own spiritual state, and he said to me, "When you think once of self, think twice of Christ." I remember at the Lakes his quoting with marked admiration some words of Mr. Keble's *Christian Year.* One was—

> "Thou who hast given me eyes to see
> And love this sight so fair,
> Give me a heart to find out Thee,
> And love Thee everywhere."

The other—

> "Yes, ransom'd sinner, would'st thou know
> How others to forgive,
> How dearly to embrace thy foe,
> Look where thou hop'st to live.
> When thou hast told those realms of light,
> And fancied all beyond
> Whatever owns in depth or height
> Creation's wondrous bond,

Then in that solemn pageant learn
Sweet mercy's praise to see,
Their Lord resigned them all to earn
The bliss of saving thee."

'At college he introduced me to Sunday school teaching at St. Ebbe's, and when some one came to visit us, and said there was only one teacher who understood teaching properly, my impression is, he must have been intended.

'At Christ Church we had a Bible class on Sunday evenings, part of our time there. He used to mark with a pencil his Bible, and I seem to remember his earnest thoughtful voice. Thus you see how he was a help to me and others in those days.'

Soon after taking his B.A. degree, W. Fairlie Clarke went to Edinburgh, and entered himself as a student of law. The curriculum of his legal studies embraced a course of lectures upon medical jurisprudence by Dr. Littlejohn. Whilst attending these he found his interest in medical subjects increasing daily, and, on the other hand, his interest in purely legal studies was daily decreasing. 'Under these circumstances,' he writes, 'the question arose in my mind whether I had not better give up the law altogether and turn to medicine. To me the medical profession

appeared only second to the ministry, and, as my two elder brothers were clergymen, I thought I might follow the other aspect of the Lord's example, and serve Him as a doctor. This was in 1858. About Easter I left Edinburgh. For a few weeks I stayed at Elvington. In the summer I went to Paris for six weeks; and in the following October I entered as a medical student at King's College, London.'

William Fairlie Clarke never regretted this change of profession. On the contrary, the longer he lived the more highly he valued the medical calling, as so powerful a means of benefiting others; and as also, in itself, of such profound interest to a scientific mind.

Before we follow him to London, let us glance at some letters written about this date.

Letters to Rev. J. C——.

19 Albany Street, Edinburgh,
May 26, 1859.

. . . As you desire it, let me speak of myself. The summer is not the time when the law lectures are given; they only go on during the winter months, so, as far as these go, I am unemployed, but I read a little law and a good deal of history on my own account, to the amount of seven hours

a day. I recently heard that the authorities here are going to accept my course of Law Lectures in Oxford, in place of a course here: this was my aim in coming up in February, so my journey has not been in vain. This will enable me to be called to the Bar and put on the wig and gown in a year from this time! Only conceive how learned I shall look!

As soon as I was settled, I began to teach in a Sunday school; I am so fond of boys that it was to me the very reverse of a burden. The school is in the very lowest part of the town; in fact, it is a Ragged School during the week, so you may imagine the class of boys; some are in tatters, several have no shoes or stockings. But for all this they are, I think, more intelligent, and decidedly more industrious, than fellows of the same age in England; struggling poverty is quite characteristic of Scotland. Moreover, I have offered to undertake a little visiting. I have not yet had a district assigned me, but in the course of a few visits I have paid to the parents of my Sunday scholars, I have seen phases of life I never saw before: old toppling houses, room over room to the height of seven storeys, swarming with human beings, several living in a single room not big enough for one, and no arrangements made for cleanliness or decency; but, for all this, intercourse with the poor is a grand thing for making one thoughtful, considerate, and self-denying. It is impossible to see the wants of others, and then spend money on fine clothes or other vanities.

I shall probably go to England in July to a cottage my brother has in Yorkshire. If you are in the neighbourhood you must drop us a line, and come and see us.

ELVINGTON, NEAR YORK,
October 13, 1859.

MY DEAR C.,—I think you manage very well to get seven hours' reading per diem at home. The difficulties of reading at home are so great, that I reckon seven hours there equal to ten at Oxford. I hope you have had no return of headaches. If you have, I would advise you to give up reading for Honours at once, and not risk your health; though I feel as strongly as any one that it is a man's bounden duty to read for Honours if his health permits, yet I have also felt how little Honours in themselves have to do with a man's after life, unless it be such honours as are out of the reach of ordinary mortals like you and me. My thoughts are never now thrown back on my class, but they are often thrown back upon the information I acquired in reading for a class; therein, as you know well, lies the real benefit of reading for Honours,—in the reading, but not in the Honours. But I am well aware that when the schools are staring one in the face, it is difficult to avoid giving undue thought and attention to the class list, and therefore it is that I am repeating all these trite observations. I very much fear that we all want a more vivid sense of our heavenly Father's care for us; we want to think more of Christ, and less of ourselves; we want to

be less jealous of our own dignities and honours, and more jealous for the Lord God of Hosts.

A——'s departure is still delayed; it is by no means the least of the numberless mercies we enjoy that we are able as a family to spend so much time together, though we have all arrived at man's estate. This summer we have been all together for about three weeks, and almost all together for about four months. What shall we render the Lord for all His benefits? Oh for more gratitude, more active gratitude, that would result in bold and persevering efforts for Him to whom we owe everything.

You ask about Elvington matters. . . . We have opened a library for children, and another for adults, both of which are in a healthy state, and seem to be valued. We have got a site for the school-house we propose to build, but that cannot be begun till the spring. We have been trying for about a month to get a suitable master, but alas! all our efforts up to this time have failed. The difficulties arise from the small salary we have to offer. If you can do anything to help us, pray do it, for we must have a man by the beginning of November next, for reasons which I will show you immediately. The want of a day-school acted painfully on the Sunday school. Every Sunday I felt the necessity of doing something for the education of the place more and more; so one fine Sunday, about a fortnight ago, I determined, come what would, to open the school myself forthwith. Accordingly I communicated with the rector, and turned pedagogue on the

spot. I have now been engaged ten days in my new employment, and get on famously; I always was fond of children, and of instructing them; and the children, I think, are not below the average. Only fancy me, a B.B. of Ch. Ch., setting copies in large text, and instilling the multiplication table for five hours a day to Yorkshire rustics! I have about twenty scholars already, and we all get on famously. They begin to show improvement already, and I have still three or four weeks to work upon them. But then comes the rub: *I must* leave in November, and we have not yet found the man to fill my place. After all, these youngsters would sometimes drive me to my wits' end, had I not occasional assistance from Alured, and constant assistance from a good thick cane.—Your affectionate friend,

W. F. CLARKE.

Elvington is a little village of between three and four hundred inhabitants, a few miles from York. Not many young men would have given up the leisure of a short period of vacation to teaching country lads! He also built a school-house for them at his own expense.[1]

In a letter dated Nov. 3, 1859, he describes the further progress of the school.

MY DEAR C.,—Here I am, still school-master.

[1] Since 1863 the parish has been under the charge of one of his brothers.

I have filled the post now for a month exactly. However, we have met with a master who is likely to suit us, so I have no fears of an interregnum. It is pretty hard work, I can tell you, five hours a day, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, which are half-holidays, and I have work in the evening setting copies, and putting things in order for next day. I look forward to the half-holidays with as much delight as the boys themselves can possibly do. I met with a verse the other day which pleased me much. I try, by repeating it and dwelling on it, to make it my own,—

'Then welcome toil, and care, and pain,
And welcome service too;
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.'

I find it comparatively easy to work because one *ought* to work, or because it gives one real pleasure to benefit others; but to work in order that we may glorify God, there is the difficulty, and yet, I take it, nothing short of that ought to satisfy a Christian. . . .

'Peace be thy gentle guest!
Peace holy and divine!
God's blessed sunlight still
Upon thy pathway shine!

'His Spirit fill thy soul,
And cast out every sin;
His own deep joy impart,
And make a heaven within.'

TO THE SAME, ON TRAVELLING WITH A PUPIL.

April 1858.

A couple of years ago I was arranging a continental tour with a friend of ours. He is not a fellow who sees quite eye to eye with myself, but I determined to make it a *sine qua non* that we should join together every morning, if not every morning and evening, in reading and prayer. I would most strongly advise you to lay down some such rule, and adopt some such practice, *from the very first.* At those times I should confine my reading to the parts of Scripture which are most directly practical, such, for instance, as the Psalms, Gospels, and simpler Epistles. For a prayer (looking at the matter from your point of view, and remembering that you do not like extempore prayer), I should advise you, before you leave, to draw up one or two prayers in writing, suitable to the circumstances in which you are likely to be placed, asking for wisdom to direct your journey (Psalm xxxii. 8, xlii. 3, and other passages innumerable); for a mind calm and unruffled by the petty annoyances to which you will be exposed; for 'a heart to find out God and read Him everywhere' (according to Keble's beautiful hymn); for the constant daily descent of the Holy Spirit, to sanctify all your pleasures, and to enable you to use the knowledge and experience you are acquiring in His service and for His glory. These are petitions in which both you and your pupil might join heartily; but besides this, my dear fellow, you will require much of the Spirit of Wisdom to teach you how

to refuse the evil and choose the good (Lam. i. 5 ; Prov. iii. 5), and also much 'mercy of the Lord to be faithful' in dealing with your pupil's best interests (1 Cor. vii. 25). You know as well as I do where and how these things are to be obtained. May more of the spirit of prayer rest upon us both. May the Mercy-seat become more and more our habitual resort. May our prayers be more and more those simple, believing prayers which our Father delights to answer; His ear is not heavy that it cannot hear, neither is His arm shortened that it cannot save, but our iniquities, our want of faith and love, have separated between us and Him.

Believe me, I shall not forget to mention your name from time to time in my prayers, and it will be my heart's desire that, in all the changes through which you may pass, you may find your happiness in resting your soul on His unchanging love ; and in all the varied circumstances in which you may be placed, may the peace of God, which passeth understanding, keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus.

I have some thought of changing my profession ; I intend to take time for counsel and deliberation during the summer while I am at home. Will you ask for me, that I may have a single eye to God's glory ?

The present circumstances of my life, and the recent dealings of God towards me, are expressed in Psalm xxxii. 10, latter clause. At Elvington things prosper wonderfully.—Ever your very affectionate,

WILLIAM FAIRLIE CLARKE.

CHAPTER II.

STUDENT LIFE IN LONDON—TOUR ABROAD—MARRIAGE—RESIDENCE IN LONDON.

'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.'—Ps. cxix. 9.

'Speaking broadly, only two things are needed to make a true Christian: a simple trust in God's mercy through Jesus Christ his Saviour, and an earnest desire to follow in the steps of His most holy life.'—WILLIAM FAIRLIE CLARKE.

WILLIAM FAIRLIE CLARKE had not been long in King's College Hospital as a student before his influence began to be strongly felt there for good. There was something about him which invited confidence, and commanded respect. Nurses liked to have him in their wards; patients were soothed by his presence at their bedsides. Older than most of his fellow-students, and having had the advantage of a university education, his influence and the weight of his example were naturally great. A proof of this occurs in a letter written by one who was in the college along with

him. 'He and I,' writes this gentleman (Balmanno Squire, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S.), 'took the main part in what, to us, was a very ambitious undertaking, namely, the establishment of a debating and conversazione society, for the united medical students of London. I was its first president. He was its second president. Subsequently each of us wrote a book on a special department of surgery, and I know how highly on the Continent, as well as here, his unique treatise is esteemed. I may say that we began life, or rather our active career together, and ran it on parallel lines. I remember well his good-looking face, his specially gentlemanly demeanour, and the very high opinion of his character that we all entertained; and I can say that, as my chief colleague in the rather formidable undertaking that we as youngsters successfully carried out, and in which I was specially anxious to single out for my chief coadjutor the man who seemed to be of the highest tone of mind, and whose manner and course of action would carry the most weight, I pitched upon Mr. Fairlie Clarke, whom I had not before known, and I never had any reason to think that I could have made a better choice than when I solicited him to bear the brunt with me.'

His genial character and kindly ways rapidly made him popular. He lost no opportunity of showing kindness to his fellow-students, and would frequently invite them to his lodgings on Sunday evenings, and occasionally have one of them to stay with him.

But his efforts to be useful were not long confined to the little world of King's College. He soon began to visit the poor. About this time Miss Louisa Twining was beginning her well-known and largely successful efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poor in workhouses. Being introduced to her by his brother, Canon Erskine Clarke, he at once began to give her hearty aid in her work. 'It was in February 1858,' writes this lady, 'that I began to visit the Strand Union Workhouse in Cleveland Row on Sunday afternoons. I was then making efforts to obtain visitors to every ward on Sundays, and gladly availed myself of Mr. Fairlie Clarke's aid. It was the first time a gentleman had volunteered for the purpose. There were several wards of men, sick and infirm, and it was evident it would be a very great boon, as the chaplain could never hold more than two services in the workroom, being a curate elsewhere. Mr. Fairlie Clarke at once brought a

coadjutor in Mr. C. P. Bosanquet, first honorary secretary of the Charity Organization Society. They continued for many years. At one time he tried to do more, and began readings with some of the men in an evening of the week. After some time, however, I remember his telling me he found them of too low a class, being the so-called able-bodied, all mixed up together in those days in one mass of 500 inmates of all ages and classes. These would naturally be the most hopeless and impervious to such efforts. At Christmas, for some years, tea-parties took place in every ward, each visitor contributing the cost, and waiting upon the patients. It was a pleasant sight, and long looked forward to and remembered. I can see now the cheery face of the one, and the tall thin form of the other, helping thus to cheer and brighten the sad, lonely lives of these forlorn ones. I am quite sure these services were highly appreciated by the chaplain and excellent master and matron.'

At a later period his services were transferred to St. James's Union, Poland Street, where he continued to hold two or three services every Sunday afternoon for many years, till he left London.

His coadjutor at the Strand Union, C. P. Bosanquet, gives us a sketch of his early friendship

with him, and of his London life. 'I first met him at St. Michael's Vicarage, Derby, and he won my confidence at once. We were both at Oxford at the same time, he at Christ Church, I at Balliol. The most noticeable thing I remember about him, in those early days, was a combination of independence with much gentleness and sympathy. He was less the creature of circumstances, and less in awe of public opinion, than his quiet manners would have led one to expect. When I took lodgings in Bloomsbury in 1859, I found him lodging in the same parish. I did not see much of his student friends, but I think he generally had some of them come to his lodgings for a Bible class once a week, and sometimes referred to the effect anything might have on his influence with them as a reason for deciding in one way or another about his own conduct or action in matters as to which he felt free. He contributed some excellent papers to *Golden Hours*, in one of which, "A Surgical Operation," his sympathy with medical students comes out very touchingly. In 1860 he and I gave some time to visiting the principal blocks of model dwellings which were then in existence, and collecting information on the subject; and in 1861 we and others, mostly

young barristers, started a small Limited Liability Company for buying and improving small houses. He was one of the first directors of the Company, which still exists, the Central London Dwellings Improvement Company, but gave up the directorship after a time. He was always decided as to what lines of usefulness it was best for him to undertake or continue; giving the preference to those most akin to his profession. The facts in a life like his tell their own story. His character was beautifully simple, and at the same time clearly marked. Masculine and feminine elements met in it. He was as full of sympathy as a woman, but there was much of the strong kindliness in him which one sees in its fulness in the author of *Rab and his Friends*, and other large-natured Scotchmen. I have never had a friend to whom I could open my mind more fully, or by whom my better feelings were more drawn out, and I believe there are many who would say the same.'

Miss E. Twining, as well known as her sister for her wise philanthropy, adds another illustration of his active benevolence:—'I should like,' she writes, 'to bear my testimony to his benevolent mind for the working people and the sick poor.

During the time that he was registrar in King's College Hospital, he was especially led to consider the wants, and also the improvidence, of the poor in that locality, then very densely populated. By his advice, in a great degree, I was induced to establish a penny bank in a mission house I had at a corner of the street opposite the hospital. It had exceedingly good success; and so much was he interested in it, that he often came to assist me and my two clerks when we had many clients to attend to. This was the first in that parish, and led to others elsewhere. He was also one of the first to advise provident dispensaries. There is a very flourishing dispensary here, begun by me seven years ago, mainly knowing it was his good plan; and when I, after that time, made a small hospital with a provident department, he wrote very kindly, asking how it was going on, proving how anxious he was for the spread and success of that portion of work for the aid of the really industrious working classes.'

W. Fairlie Clarke likewise found time to teach at the Grotto Ragged School, and to visit, or receive visits from, many sick poor, to whom his attention was exactly the same as to paying patients.

In 1862 he became M.A. and M.B., Oxon., and F.R.C.S. in the following year; but, before settling down to practice, he accepted an appointment to travel abroad with Lord Shaftesbury. The route proposed was by Cologne, Coblentz, Mayence, Basle, Berne, Zurich, the Splügen, Milan, Turin, Genoa, Marseilles, Lyons, and Paris. It was truly, as he described it, 'a splendid programme;' and he fully enjoyed the glorious scenery he visited. 'I was struck,' he writes at Bevano, 'as never before, with the words, "Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory!" Glorious days! lovely nights! beautiful scenery!' He had much talent for sketching, and writes home:—'I sketch a great deal. Lady Shaftesbury, who draws beautifully, keeps me up to the mark; but I shall not have much to bring back, for I have given my best to the young ladies, and I am only too glad to be able in any way to repay their kindness.'

In Italy the party was joined by the celebrated Marquis d'Azeglio, to whose patriotism and wisdom Italy owes so much. 'Through his kindness,' writes W. F. C., 'we have seen some things, and enjoyed some favours, which we could not otherwise have had; and, now that we have

reached his capital, he seems to feel bound to do the honours of the country.' The party spent some days at the Marquis's home, whence our traveller writes:—

IL ROCHO, BUSCA, *per* SALUZZO, PIEDMONT,
Sept. 29, 1862.

We have been here for the last week, enjoying the hospitality of the Marquis d'Azeglio, and are to stay till the 5th or 6th of next month. We are here at an Italian country-house, perched on the side of a spur of the Alps, commanding from the windows glorious views of the Apennines, which rise at the farther side of a rich and extensive plain. There are walks about the house from which we can get, in an hour or two, views of the whole range of the Alps which stretches behind us. Yesterday we took a walk of this kind, and had a magnificent sight of the whole line of snow-capped mountains. The plain is more like a garden than anything else. Every field, besides being under cultivation, is regularly dotted with mulberry trees, which supply food for the silkworms that are kept at all the cottages, and form a great part of the industry of the country. Farming is very far behind; the implements used have hardly undergone any change since the days of the Romans. The carts drawn by bullocks are very picturesque, but very inconvenient; and the ploughs only scratch the surface. Just now they are gathering the grapes, and a pretty sight it is.

Returned to London, W. F. C. took a house in Curzon Street, and started as a pure surgeon. He became a demonstrator of anatomy at King's College, and clinical assistant to Mr. Bowman, a post which he held for three years, and relinquished on being appointed assistant surgeon to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital. He also became in succession surgeon to the St. George's and St. James' Dispensary, assistant surgeon to the West London Hospital, and finally to Charing Cross Hospital. In 1865 he wrote a small *Manual of Surgery*, of which two subsequent additions have been published, incorporating the contents of another small volume on *Bandaging*. The book, however, by which he will be best remembered is a monograph on *Diseases of the Tongue*, a subject which he was making a special study, and on which he also wrote two excellent papers, published in the *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*.

In a letter to his friend, he thus describes himself at this time :—

May 11, 1869.

I am very busy with hospital and other work, and I am sticking to it as closely as possible, because I have been asked to go down to

Scotland again this year in my professional capacity, as I have done the last two years, and before I go I want to get all the work done that I have on hand. Altogether I am flourishing, and have a very great deal to be thankful for. I only wish one could make one's gratitude more evident by a heart and life more entirely devoted to the service of our Lord and Master.

W. F. CLARKE.

Another letter is not in so cheerful a strain, and shows that even his buoyant nature could sometimes be overshadowed by those clouds of depression with which most of us are so familiar. What to do in such moods is suggested by his example. Not in dissipation, but in prayer, is solace for low spirits to be sought.

Nov. 6, 1869.

While I was in London I was much pressed with work and beset with difficulties. I think too that I was not in very good health. But, however this may have been, I don't know that I ever felt so broken and dispirited as I did for a fortnight or so, and then I found great comfort in week-day services, so much so that when I return to town I shall probably go often to afternoon prayers. The church seemed a veritable home for the weary and heavy-laden, where we could go and welcome, where one could be among one's fellow-Christians, where one might pour out one's griefs, and explain one's difficulties, and feel

sure that they would be gently and wisely handled by a compassionate Saviour; and if only our trials and perplexities would lead us to drink deeper of the fountain of His sweetness and love, how light would the discipline appear in comparison with such great and happy results.

In his visits to Scotland, W. F. Clarke not only formed a lasting friendship with the family at whose delightful residence he was a guest, he there made acquaintance with the lady who became his wife. It was eminently what a Christian union should be—one of deep mutual affection and esteem, and of entire sympathy in matters of religion.

They took up their residence in Curzon Street, Mayfair, but afterwards removed to a larger house in Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square. All the philanthropic pursuits of W. F. Clarke were now carried on with greater zest than ever; and at home his happiness was perhaps as great as any human being could desire.

CHAPTER III.

HOSPITAL REFORM—PROVIDENT DISPENSARIES.

'Not slothful in business; . . . serving the Lord.'—ROM. xii. 11.

'Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see.
. . . . . .
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead have sown.'

ARTHUR CLOUGH.

THERE were two important movements which became such prominent matters of interest to William Fairlie Clarke, that they require special consideration in any review of his life. The first of these is Hospital Reform.

For many years the attention of medical men had been drawn to the vast and increasing numbers of out-patients crowding the ante-rooms of the London hospitals. It was becoming utterly impossible to deal with such multitudes satisfactorily. Whereas in private practice a medical man would see, at the most, ten or fifteen

patients in an hour, out-patients were seen in the hospitals at the rate of fifty an hour. The expense which these enormous numbers entailed on these institutions was more than any of them could support. These important facts forced upon the medical profession the double question: 'How could this large and unmanageable concourse of out-patients be brought down to legitimate proportions? And again, how were those who should be excluded from hospital relief to be otherwise dealt with?' By careful sifting of cases, it was proved, beyond a doubt, that numbers who sought medical aid at hospitals were quite capable either to pay a medical man's ordinary fees, or to contribute some small sum towards a dispensary.

The medical profession went into these questions very thoroughly. A meeting was held to investigate the subject in March 1870, presided over by Sir William Ferguson, and attended by 156 of the leading members of the profession. Committees and sub-committees were formed, and of one of these William Fairlie Clarke was elected a member. The Charity Organization Society next took up the matter, and appointed him honorary secretary of the Medical Com-

mittee of the Society, whose duty it should be to collect evidence, and to make suggestions for Hospital Reform.

On December 12, 1871, he read a paper to the Society which exercised a powerful effect on all who heard it, and gave a noticeable impulse to the movement. 'I find,' he said, 'that last year the out-patients treated at fifteen general hospitals were 590,151; at thirty-four general dispensaries 305,491; at thirty-nine special hospitals and dispensaries, 261,374. Total, 1,157,016. This is exclusive of seventeen hospitals which make no return, and it is exclusive also of those who are assisted by the medical services of the Poor Law. I think, sir, that if this figure is anything like correct, it represents a percentage upon the population which is much larger than should be considered fit objects for gratuitous charitable relief. . . . I am willing, for argument's sake, to make allowances, because, if we even state the figures as low as 820,000, it would still form a quarter of the three millions and a quarter at which the population of London is estimated; *i.e.* it would show that one person in four is receiving gratuitous medical relief. Now, sir, I cannot think that our social state is so bad, that our

national industry is at such a low point, that one fourth of our population would be correctly described as the "really indigent." But this is not all. Not only have the numbers attending the out-patient department reached this number, but the rate at which the increase has proceeded is very serious. . . . At eight hospitals the total number of out-patients in 1830 was 46,435. In 1869 it had risen to 277,891. During that period of thirty-nine years, the population of London had a little more than doubled, while the attendance at these hospitals had increased more than fivefold.'

He then went on to suggest that the establishment of more Provident Dispensaries would best meet the demands of the times. 'I suppose,' he said, 'that all present are familiar with the idea of a Provident Dispensary. It is an institution which receives all comers,—men, women, and young persons alike,—who secure for themselves, by small but continuous payments, medical attendance and medicine when they are ill. It is in fact a Mutual Assurance against sickness, conducted in part on a commercial footing, but at present needing to be supplemented by the charitable. Such institutions were originated about

forty years ago, and they have been tried in various parts of the country as well as in the metropolis. . . . If we would not pauperize our working classes by encouraging them to rely on others for relief, some form of co-operation such as we have described must be adopted. The Association has no desire to bridle charity, but to prevent indiscriminate relief.'

Other speakers bore testimony to the accuracy of Dr. Fairlie Clarke's statistics, startling as they were, and equal in their importance to the lucidity with which they were brought forward.

In this address Dr. Fairlie Clarke dealt chiefly with the subject in its bearing on the working classes. In January 1875 he published an article in the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*, entitled 'The Limits of Unpaid Labour,' in which he treated it mainly from a professional standpoint. He insisted that medical men could not satisfactorily prescribe for the crowds who passed hurriedly before them as hospital out-patients. 'Such slipshod work,' he says, 'as much of that which is performed in the out-patient departments of hospitals is, is a fraud both to poor and to rich. . . . Who can blame the medical

man? He gives up two or three whole afternoons every week to this unpaid service. It would be unreasonable to expect him to give more. He must have time to earn his bread, and it is not wonderful that he should so hasten his hospital work so as to secure time for more remunerative labour.' He then dealt with the supposed advantage to medical men of gaining experience at hospitals. 'Very true, we are not forgetful of these facts. But a man cannot live upon his connection with a public institution, or upon the experience it affords him. . . . The supposed advantages are poor remuneration for the regular, continuous, and responsible work that is required from dispensary and hospital doctors. It is contrary to the first principles of political economy, to suppose that such arduous services are adequately recognised as matters now stand. We sincerely hope that our efforts, coinciding as they do with a movement which is now going on all over the country, may tend to bring about changes in the mode of administering relief to the lower middle classes, which would be advantageous alike to them, to the medical profession, and to the nation at large.'

The whole paper was full of force, and was wel-

comed as one of the most important contributions on the subject.

Dr. Fairlie Clarke was invited to assist in drawing up for the Charity Organization Society Model Rules for Provident Dispensaries, and was frequently called on to write articles on the subject for medical journals. In 1882 he was requested to read a paper on the subject at the Congress of the Social Science Association, but was unable to spare time to attend it.

The movement went bravely forward, and, to the credit of working men be it said, that the vast majority of those who were consulted on the subject were decided in the wish they expressed to pay as far as their means would allow for medical aid rather than receive it as a gratuity.

Provident Dispensaries have now become a rooted institution in the land. The working man pays a few pence monthly, which he can easily subtract from his wages. When ill he and his family receive medical advice as their due; while, on the other hand, the doctors who give it receive a certain annual payment, not large, indeed, but yet valuable to those on whom very likely wife and family depend for support.

Dr. Fairlie Clarke's penetration usually led him

to identify himself with movements which were sound in principle, and calculated to benefit his fellows. Not the least important or successful of these was the one for Hospital Reform.[1]

[1] Persons interested in this subject should read the valuable paper by Sir Charles Trevelyan, entitled *Metropolitan Medical Relief*, read at a conference of the Charity Organization Society, and published by Longman, Green, & Co.

CHAPTER IV.

MEDICAL MISSIONS—THE MEDICAL PRAYER UNION—THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' –MATT. xix. 19.

'Welcome the post of danger
And the task that others flee,
Welcome the meanest service,
If only liker Thee.

Welcome the cold of winter,
Welcome the summer heat,
Welcome the toil-worn brain,
Welcome the weary feet.'

W. FAIRLIE CLARKE.

'Thus love with ever-widening round
Extends its aim, and spreads its care
Wherever misery is found,
And hearts are breaking in despair.'

E. A. W.

A DEARER object of interest to Dr. Fairlie Clarke than Hospital Reform was that of Medical Missions. Perhaps no agency has sprung up so rapidly, nor has more decidedly proved its

usefulness than this. When Dr. F. Clarke was residing in Edinburgh, he had seen something of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, the pioneer of such institutions, and had become much interested in its work. The history of the rise and progress of this Society has been most remarkable. Founded only in 1841, and having during its first decade an income averaging only £150, in 1883 its income was £7542, and its expenditure £7497, 9s. 6d. Unable at first to find suitable men to send out as medical missionaries, the Society had determined to train its own men. It rightly held that it was better to send none than to send an inefficient man. A medical missionary, they said, 'must have his heart in his work. He must have a sincere love for the souls of the heathen, and be prepared to be their physician, counsellor, teacher, and friend.' A Medical Mission Dispensary was opened, and a house taken for the superintendent and the medical students. These young men, while passing through the full usual medical curriculum at the Edinburgh University, take part in dispensing medicines to the poor, visit them in their houses, and are trained to take part in evangelistic services. When it was desired to erect a

memorial to the great medical missionary, Livingstone, it was thought that no fitter one could be erected than a new Training Institution for Medical Missions. Upwards of £10,000 was quickly raised, and the Livingstone Memorial Medical Missionary Training Institution in the Cowgate, Edinburgh, was built, and forms an edifice in every way adapted for its purposes.

'The number of medical missionaries trained by the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society is,' writes the Rev. J. Lowe, its present secretary, 'seventy-two. Of these forty-three are now in active service in all parts of the world, the agents of various missionary societies. Fourteen have died, eleven in the foreign field, two on their return to this country in ill-health, and one, the great-grandson of the renowned father of Indian missions, Dr. Carey, on finishing his studies. Eight have withdrawn from medical missionary work after periods of active service, varying from four to eleven years; and seven, after finishing their studies, have not followed out their intention of becoming medical missionaries. These, however, have either repaid the Society the expenditure incurred on behalf of their medical

education, or have promised to do so within a limited period.

'Thirty-three of those trained by the Society, now engaged in the work, have passed through the Institution during the last fifteen years. Seventeen students are at present preparing for the work under the auspices of the Society.'

The celebrated Dr. Henderson of China, Dr. Elmslie of Kashmir, Dr. Valentine of Agra, Dr. Gould, late of Swatow, China, now Superintendent of the Mildmay Medical Mission, were all students of this Society.

Such were the operations which attracted Dr. Fairlie Clarke's attention to Medical Missions while a young man in Edinburgh. He naturally thought that if such an agency could be founded and supported in Scotland, a similar effort might be conducted in England. On October 24, 1866, he wrote as follows to his friend Mr. C——:

I wrote a letter about six weeks ago to the *Guardian* on the subject of medical missionaries. My object was to propose that we should try and form an Association like one which exists in Edinburgh in connection with the Presbyterian Churches, for the purpose of supplying both our great Missionary Societies with young men duly

qualified as physicians, who would be willing to devote themselves to missionary work, and who would link themselves to the ecclesiastical system of the Church of England. But I am sorry to say that it has not as yet led to any discussion. I confess I am rather disappointed that it has been allowed to pass in silence, for it seems to me of much more real moment than many of the subjects which are just now filling the correspondents' columns of the *Guardian*. I had hoped that my suggestion might have been ventilated, and that then something might have been done during the winter towards carrying it into execution.'

We believe that no result followed this letter to the *Guardian*, but, while the Edinburgh Society was springing up into vigorous maturity, a little work began in London amongst medical men, which eventually led to the formation of an English Medical Missionary Association, and in which Dr. Fairlie Clarke soon took a prominent part.

In 1849 Dr. Habershon of Guy's Hospital and Dr. Gladstone of St. Thomas's arranged a meeting of medical students for the study of the Scriptures at Guy's. Similar efforts were made in 1851 and 1853 by Professor Le Gros Clerk and Dr. Golding Bird, which resulted in the inauguration of the Christian Medical Associa-

tion. Dr. Fairlie Clarke joined this Association, and was one of its first honorary secretaries. 'The conditions under which our medical students live,' he observed at one of their annual meetings, 'the vast area over which they are scattered, and the numerous demands made upon their time, prevent them from attending at meetings which are held far from many of the hospitals. However, the committee urge the wisdom of their meeting together. Union is strength, and strength—spiritual strength—is sorely needed to withstand the temptations and difficulties of a young man in London at the present time. These are days of peculiar danger. On the one hand, there are the dangers arising out of the excess of ceremonial to which the young and ardent are particularly exposed; and, on the other hand, there are the dangers arising out of the rapid development of the physical sciences. But for both these great dangers the best remedy will be found in the devotional study of God's Word. If we drink into the spirit of the Bible, and learn the great lesson which it is designed to teach us of the way of salvation, we shall not easily suffer ourselves to depart from the simplicity of spiritual worship, and we shall be able to wait with un-

wavering faith for the adjustment of those difficulties which arise out of physical science,—difficulties which, we are assured, will fade away before a fuller knowledge and a clearer understanding of the revealed Word of God.'

The Christian Medical Association continued its useful labours till 1871, when it ceased to exist. It had done a good work. It had felt the way amongst medical students; helped to awaken interest in them; rallied some of them round the Cross; nor had it lost sight of its additional and wider aim, to promote Medical Missions among the heathen. The names of Dr. A. P. Stewart, Mr. Charles Brooke, Professor Miller, Mr. Charles Moore, Dr. Hyde Salter, Dr. C. J. B. Williams, Dr. Risdon Bennett, and Mr. Grainger, among its leading members, deserve to be held in grateful remembrance.

Although this Association thus came to an end, its work was very speedily taken up and revived in another form which has happily become a settled institution. In 1874 the Medical Prayer Union was founded by Dr. C. Saunders, C.B., and has proved a most useful and successful undertaking. Dr. Fairlie Clarke was one of its earliest members, and gave it the benefit of his warmest

sympathy and aid. The agencies employed by it are :—

(1) Meetings for prayer and the study of the Scriptures among the students of the various Medical Schools.

(2) An annual general meeting, held in October, at which addresses are given upon subjects bearing on the Christian life.

(3) Conferences held occasionally.

The Secretary of the Medical Prayer Union, (47 Endell St., St. Giles) is always glad to receive the name and address of any student coming up to London, in whose welfare friends are interested.

The blessing of God appears to rest on this valuable Union. It now numbers 220 medical students, who attend its meetings with more or less regularity. Who can say to how many these meetings have proved the means of salvation from the snares of London life, and of conversion to God? It is impossible to over-estimate the value of such a work among our young medical men, tending to send them forth throughout our land not merely as highly educated, but also as serious-minded Christian men.

Foreign Medical Missions have occupied the

attention of the Union. Six of its members have already gone forth to the mission field, and one of these, Harold Scholfield, M.A., M.B., F.R.C.S., B.S., etc., who had attained the highest honours both at Oxford University and at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, laid down his life at his far-away post, dying of typhus fever after three years' work at Tai-Yuen-Fu, a post of the China Inland Mission.

Dr. Fairlie Clarke addressed the members of the Medical Prayer Union twice at their annual meetings in Freemasons' Hall, on October 29, 1875, and October 19, 1877.[1] A rule had been passed that none but the staff of the London Hospitals were to be appointed as vice-presidents, in order to promote the link between the medical staff and the students. This was overruled when he was proposed by Dr. Saunders, and elected vice-president. In the following year he was chosen president for the year 1884, but of this fact he was never aware.

To promote a feeling of union, and to encourage the youthful members of the Medical Prayer Union,[2] Dr. and Mrs. Fairlie Clarke gave a yearly

[1] See Addresses, at pages 81 and 89.

[2] Dr. Fairlie Clarke was ready to welcome any medical students to these reunions, although they might not have joined the Prayer Union.

conversazione at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. This was ever to him an occasion of the deepest interest. He never perhaps appeared more thoroughly happy than at such gatherings. His love for young men, his interest in mission work, his hospitality, his pride in his profession, his deep longing for the spiritual good of the students, combined to make them as interesting to himself as they were exhilarating and useful to his guests. 'We still try,' he wrote on January 7, 1879, to Miss Twining, 'to do what we can for the medical students. On the 11th of last month we gave a conversazione. Fully 300 names were sent us of students who are either members of the Prayer Union, or likely to take an interest in our meeting. Amongst these were a dozen lady students from the School of Medicine for Women. In all 175 accepted our invitation, but the evening was very stormy, and only 135 came. It was certainly a remarkable sight to see so large a number of medical students assembled on such an occasion.'

At these meetings, after the guests had partaken of some refreshments, Dr. Fairlie Clarke, who took the chair, addressed to them a few words of welcome, and an address was then given, either

of a practical nature, or occasionally by some missionary of note. There once the Bishop of Huron graphically described how he was bound to be carpenter, mason, doctor, dentist, bookbinder, tailor, all in one, and how he had to perform his episcopal visitations, travelling hundreds of miles in sledges, often nigh frozen to death. There, on another occasion, Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, related how the Chinese converts came readily forward to aid as employés in an hospital left in his charge, at a time when he was obliged to tell them that he could not promise them any salary whatever. After such stirring addresses, the happy evenings were closed with prayer and the singing of a hymn. These conversaziones were continued every year, even after Dr. and Mrs. Fairlie Clarke ceased to reside in London, they then going up to town expressly for them. The average attendance latterly was over two hundred. How highly they were valued was shown by the burst of affectionate regret from the medical students when they received the tidings of his death.

'I have not liked to trouble you with a letter,' one of them then wrote to Mrs. Fairlie Clarke, 'but cannot help writing now. He was

so good to all us medical students, and those meetings in Harley Street every winter seemed so bound up with our hospital life, that I can hardly realize we shall not meet him again down here.

'I think neither he nor you knew how much good these meetings did. Old schoolfellows used to meet who had known each other in careless days, and had entered, unknown to each other, on a medical career. And meeting in that way, where they could talk to each other, after having heard one or other of those practical addresses we used to have, knit hearts together more than any other of our meetings did.

'There is generally plenty of good practical teaching to be obtained, and men energetic in the Master's service, but kind-hearted thoughtfulness for others is a great deal less common, and it is Dr. F. Clarke's sympathy with us that we shall miss more than anything else. . . . You must have many friends, and I cannot see how in any way I am ever likely to be useful to you, but if there should be anything I could do, either now, or in the course of time, I hope you will give me the opportunity of doing what I can for those dear to one whose kindness helped towards

making my terms, and those of many of my friends, the happiest years of our lives.'

Such a letter as this does credit to the writer, and shows that kindness is not thrown away when shown to the young medical student. Perhaps there are few youths who ought to receive it more, and who share it less. There are, roughly speaking, about 2000 medical students attached to the various hospitals of London. Some of these, of course, live with their families, still under the parental roof. But the great majority are scattered about in such lodgings or boarding-houses as they can find within not too great distances from the hospitals where they attend. Many of them come up to town as perfect strangers, without relations or friends there. Can it be wondered if some are drawn into the snares that abound in the metropolis, or, at the least, drop their early habits of the worship of God in private or in church? At the very period of their lives when all sorts of temptations, intellectual and social, begin to press around them, they are thrown entirely upon their own resources, and left to the unaided guidance of their own consciences. If colleges cannot be attached to the hospitals, where students might pass those

years which other youths spend amid so many amenities at Oxford or Cambridge, could there not be at least some system of supervised lodgings, such as exists also at those universities? If such schemes are not feasible, Christian ladies and gentlemen may at any rate oftener act the part of friends to these youths, not, indeed, to distract them from their studies, which necessarily make such severe demands on their time, but to let them know that they have somewhere to turn for sympathy and advice. The Sunday evening hymn-singing in a Christian home would be a welcome worship for many a youth to join.

In 1877 the Medical Missionary Association was founded, Dr. Saunders being its first president. Its aims were:—

(*a*) To support the Medical Prayer Union.

(*b*) To encourage and assist suitable Christian men who desire to give themselves up to medical missionary work.

(*c*) To establish Medical Missions in connection with the Association.

(*d*) To publish a magazine; and in this and other ways to collect and diffuse information respecting home and foreign missions and all kindred works.

The first number of the quarterly magazine—*Medical Missions at Home and Abroad*—appeared in July 1878. Dr. W. Fairlie Clarke was its first editor, and continued in charge of it till his death.[1]

Let us hope that this Medical Missionary Association may have as successful a career before it as that of its Scotch predecessor has been.

Thus, amid varied interests, the years of Dr. Fairlie Clarke's London life sped rapidly away. Three of his children were born there; and though the life of one of them hung for some time in the balance under a severe attack of typhoid fever, the cloud passed away, and all was sunshine again.

In May 1873 a sad blank was left in the family of Dr. Fairlie Clarke, by the unexpected death of one of his sisters.

In 1874 Mr. Moody came to London, and instituted, amongst other gatherings, Sunday evening meetings at the Agricultural Hall. These Dr. Fairlie Clarke attended, after having been at church in the morning, and conducted two services in the Poland Street Workhouse in

[1] The last evening he spent at home, ere he left it in 1884 to die, was occupied in finishing the material for the April number of this magazine. It was the last work of any kind he was able to do.

the afternoon. They proved to him a means of great refreshment, and helped permanently to deepen his whole spiritual life.

In March 1875 Dr. Fairlie Clarke purchased a practice at Southborough, near Tunbridge Wells; and, after going to Oxford to take his M.D. degree, he finally left London, and settled with his family at that place. He carried with him the satisfaction of knowing that his stay in the metropolis had been helpful to many good works, and gladdening to many of the sick and sorrowful amongst both rich and poor.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT SOUTHBOROUGH—ILLNESS AND RECOVERY.

'Patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer.'—ROM. xii. 12.

'The Holy Helper liveth yet,
My Friend and Guide to be;
The Healer of Gennesareth
Shall go the rounds with me.'

SOUTHBOROUGH has the name of being one of the prettiest villages in England. Its beauty has indeed been somewhat marred by buildings; but no one who has resided there can easily forget the loveliness of the surrounding scenery,—the breezy common with its oaken glades, the lanes overshadowed by beeches, or dipping into the valleys among the hazel woods, the gay hop gardens, and the Turneresque views of misty distances across the Weald of Kent. In this quiet spot were passed the remaining years of Dr. Fairlie Clarke's life. It was a great change

from London, and in some respects trying to one who had taken a leading part in public life. But Dr. Fairlie Clarke's sunny disposition and Christian humility enabled him quickly to settle down into happy usefulness. 'Of course,' he wrote to his old friend C——, 'it was a disappointment to have to give up the metropolis; but I well know that our heavenly Father can and often does use disappointments as means of conveying His best blessings. As Keble says,—

> "In disappointment Thou canst bless,
> So love at heart prevail."'

He soon had his hands full of varied and interesting occupation, besides his daily professional work. He was elected a member of the Local Board, and gave his attention and aid in every movement for the good of the place. Coming across a knot of idle boys one Sunday afternoon, he invited them to his house, and kept up a weekly class.

He took a deep interest in the promotion of temperance, and from the time he left London was himself a total abstainer. Occasionally he gave lectures on the subject; and two pamphlets written by him were published by the Church of England Temperance Society. By his energy

and perseverance he greatly assisted in establishing a working men's club, which was for some time very successful. His aim was always not to dictate to the men, but to let them think and act for themselves, giving them only the benefit of his sympathy and advice as a friend.[1]

His interest in them was very great, and his influence and popularity amongst them equally so. In conjunction with other kind and public-spirited gentlemen, he helped to secure the use of a house for the Club, and also to build a very

[1] Thus, total abstainer as he was, he left them to form their own rules as to drink. The result was interesting. The Club ruled that—'Beer should be supplied to such members as desired it, on the following conditions :—No member shall be allowed to have more than one pint in the course of the evening, and it must be consumed on the premises. The beer shall be sold at the usual price, and only to *bona fide* members. Any profits derived from the sale thereof shall be carried to the credit of the Club funds for the benefit of the members generally, and no individual servant or otherwise shall derive any advantage from it. No other alcoholic drink shall be introduced.' Men who were not members of the Club were allowed to use their room on payment of 1d., but to such no beer on any account was to be sold ! The practical working of this arrangement was satisfactory. The consumption of beer was exceedingly small in 1878 and 1879, and in 1881 Dr. Fairlie Clarke reported to the Church of England Temperance *Chronicle* that it was still less. 'Taking the average number throughout the year at forty, the quantity of beer consumed has been less than one pint per member per quarter.' Subsequently the beer was given up altogether, in deference to the vicar of the parish.

neat and useful public hall.[1] In support of the Club he got up occasional entertainments of an elevating character, such as readings, concerts, flower-shows, and lectures. He was himself an excellent reader; and it was a great pleasure to hear him recite such passages as the 'Fall of Wolsey,' or the 'Charge of Balaclava.' It was ever his delight to promote the happiness of all around him, whether rich or poor. Many were the pleasant sketching parties in summer, and evening réunions at his own house, which will be long remembered by those who joined them.

One night Dr. Fairlie Clarke was summoned to visit a sick woman in a place which he had never yet visited, or even heard of. A hamlet had sprung up, inhabited by bricklayers and other workmen employed in Tunbridge Wells, and had so entirely escaped observation, that, when Dr. Fairlie Clarke subsequently brought its wants forward, it was doubtful to what parish it belonged. He found that the people were in danger of lapsing into practical heathenism. Without loss of time, therefore, he at once commenced a cottage Bible-reading once a week, and

[1] This hall has since passed under the management of the vicar of the parish.

conducted it himself for nine months. No slight self-denial was necessary sometimes, after a day of medical work, to plod through the deep snow, and through the biting winds of that exposed region, to hold these little Bible-readings in a small close cottage. This effort was followed up by the establishment of a mothers' meeting, and the opening of a small house as a coffee tavern. Ultimately the care of the hamlet was taken over by the vicar of Southborough, and permanency was thus given to the good work he had begun.

Dr. Fairlie Clarke was adored by his servants, and beloved by the poor. His patients found in him not only a medical adviser, but a friend ever ready to do anything in his power on their behalf.

He was a most affectionate and careful father. His first desire for his children was not their worldly success, or that they should attain wealth or position. The longing of his heart was that they should love and fear God, and grow up to be useful and good men. In the following simple lines he expressed these feelings :—

A Prayer Hymn for our Children.

Lord, we bring the little children
To Thy loving arms to-day :
Give vigour to our feeble faith,
And hear us when we pray.

Known to Thee are all the dangers
That beset their tiny feet;
Known to Thee the snares and pitfalls
That each little one will meet.

Known to Thee the fair disguises
That the tempter puts on sin;
Known to Thee the guilt that rises
From the naughty heart within.

We ourselves cannot direct them,
We are ignorant and blind;
We cannot discern the workings
Of the infant heart and mind.

We ourselves have need of guidance,
We have need of heavenly light;
How can we select their pathway,
Or direct their steps aright?

Yes, we feel it, so we bring them
To Thy throne in earnest prayer,
Praising Thee for all Thy mercy,
Humbly we present them there.
Lord! the children's Friend, we pray Thee,
Make our little ones Thy care.

But, while as a Christian man, who himself counted all for loss that he might win Christ, and run with patience the heavenward race, his deepest desires were thus for his children's spiritual good, he by no means neglected or was indifferent to their little occupations, pleasures, and pursuits. He tried to be his little boys' friend. He took an interest in all that interested

their young minds, and made a point of trying to give them some portion of his scanty leisure time. Thus 'father' had a larger place than is often the case in their hearts and lives, and, young as they were when he was taken from them, this happy intercourse with them in their earliest years left a deep impression upon them, and must remain a life-long sacred memory.

Thus life passed on swiftly and cheerfully. 'His sympathies,' writes his friend, the Rev. W. Wheeler, 'were constantly widening so as to embrace all who loved the Lord Jesus. Being brought by professional work into contact with Wesleyans and other Nonconformists, and witnessing much of their labours for Christ, he could not but feel love for them, and, having the courage of his opinions, he felt it his duty to show his love. Thus he now and then took the chair at their public meetings. Though he regretted divisions, he thought the best way to heal them was to cultivate and manifest unity of spirit. When I was ill he frequently invited me to join him as he drove to visit his patients, especially if he were going through beautiful scenery, of which we were both ardent admirers. But the most delightful recollection I have of those drives is not the

scenery, nor the refreshing air, but the free play of intellect and heart with which he discussed men and books, and the general topics of the day. He often rejoiced in the beneficent character of his own profession, looking on it as a ministry of mercy; and much indeed he made it so, both for the life which now is, and for that which is to come. One morning I went to breakfast at his house, and never shall I forget his family prayers afterwards. First of all we sang a hymn most heartily, led by the harmonium, all the servants (some of whom had become Christian friends) joining with evident sympathy. Then the father of the family read a passage of Scripture, his boys sitting on his knees or standing by him; this was followed by an admirable exposition, and then by such a prayer as I have seldom heard. The ten or fifteen minutes seemed to have flown, and then all went their different ways to begin the various duties of the day with God's blessing upon them. O happy family! They are dispersed now, but may they be reunited in that infinitely more blessed family above, whose union they were permitted on earth to anticipate.'

Thus Dr. Fairlie Clarke's life flowed on calmly and peacefully, diffusing happiness all around him.

It may be asked what was the secret of an existence so pure and an influence so sweet, in the midst of the hurry and frequent anxieties of busy professional life. No doubt the answer should be, it was *his habits of devotion.* An hour early in the morning was daily given to the study of the Bible. He was in the habit of committing passages of Scripture to memory, and there is a list in his Bible of portions learnt Sunday after Sunday regularly for more than a year. Prayer was his delight, and not only 'unlocked the morning and locked in the day,' but he valued deeply, and never omitted, a short period of private prayer in the middle of the day. Such a pause in the midst of the busy working hours has a wonderfully soothing effect. Family prayer also was no mere form, but a thorough outpouring of the heart. 'He who prays much cannot help living a holy life,' are words transcribed by his hand in the fly-leaf of his Bible, and himself was an illustration of the truth of the saying. He would earnestly urge young friends about to marry to form a habit of always reading a passage of Scripture together, if only a few verses, and of praying together, before retiring to rest. This was a practice which he esteemed

of the highest importance, and no late detention in medical duties was allowed to interfere with it. The Sunday was to him in very deed 'a day of days,' and a 'delight and honourable,' as an island of peace amid the ocean of life. He never missed the services of the English Church, unless absolutely compelled to be absent by professional work, and uttered the responses and joined in the singing with all his heart.[1] He had neither time nor inclination to read many religious books ; the Scriptures were the solid nourishment of his spiritual life. But he highly valued well-written biographies of Christian men. 'I am so much impressed,' he wrote to his friend C——, 'with the usefulness of religious memoirs, that I have made it my rule always to try and keep one on hand ; it holds up to one's imitation a high standard which has been reached by persons differing little from one's self, and prevents one from falling in with the conventional notions of holiness, which are assuredly no higher than they ought to be, and not nearly so high as they would be if they were taken straight from the Bible.' His favourite

[1] A blind woman expressed great regret when Dr. Fairlie Clarke changed his seat at church to one at some distance from her. She said she should so miss hearing him say the responses.

memoirs were those of Arnold, Havelock, and, above all, that of Henry Martyn, which he usually read through once a year. 'Have you read the life of Henry Martyn?' he asked in 1857. 'I have just finished it, and am delighted with it. He was Senior Wrangler, and then became a missionary, and that at the beginning of the century, when it involved many more trials than it does now, especially from the low tone of European society in India. Altogether he was a noble fellow, and his memoir is short and pithy.'

In 1878 Dr. Fairlie Clarke lost another dear sister. Such sorrows are amongst the heaviest trials of life, but how much are they soothed when, as in this case, both those who leave and those who are left share a blessed hope of reunion ere long in the Everlasting Home! The mourner tries to forget his sorrow in unselfish sympathy with the bliss of his dear one, and with quickened steps hastens to follow her steps heavenwards.

In 1881 Dr. Fairlie Clarke was laid low with an attack of typhoid fever, which proved severe and of long continuance. The nurse marvelled at his unruffled patience in the tedious days of his slow and often interrupted convalescence. When able to travel, he and his wife went to Ventnor,

and there he rapidly regained strength. On his recovery, and before returning to Southborough, he wrote the following beautiful sonnet:

'The rest and the retirement are o'er,
And now, with strength renewed, we turn once more
To active life and duty. Lord, we pray
The lessons we have learned in sickness may
Abide with us for ever, abide until
Another sickness, sharper—sorer still—
Shall bring us to Thyself. Thus may we be
More filled with love and tender sympathy—
More patient, gentle, and considerate;
More humble too, remembering Thy great
Forbearance. Strong in Thee, may holy zeal
Quicken our laggard footsteps. May we feel,
With a fresh force, how fast life speeds away,
And in Thy service spend our one short day.'

CHAPTER VI.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff *they comfort me.*'—Ps. xxiii. 4.

'Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.'—Isa. xli. 10.

ON his return to Southborough, Dr. Fairlie Clarke at once resumed all his former occupations, and apparently his strength was completely restored. But it was not so in fact. His constitution had suffered a severe shock, and almost imperceptibly he began to droop, and fatal disease stole over him. More loving, more tender, more prayerful than ever,—

'The sunshine of the West
Upon his pathway lay:
Hush as of coming rest
Fell on the closing day.'

Premature evening was about to close that

singularly peaceful, blameless life. Somewhat of the buoyancy of his spirits failed him. Circumstances over which he had no control led to the breaking up of the Working Men's Club, and he felt this keenly, and missed the fresh interest outside his professional work which it had supplied. Only those who know what it is to give self-denying efforts to any labour of love, know what the trial is when, from one cause or another, such work is taken out of their hands. By such trials Christians are trained to find their delight, not even in the service of God, but in God Himself and His infinite love.

'We dare not love our work
Too well, lest it should be
A part, Lord, of ourselves,
And not all, all for Thee.'

One of Dr. Fairlie Clarke's favourite verses of Scripture was, 'Ye have need of patience.' 'I venture to hope for the blessing of the peacemaker,' he wrote to a friend, 'even though I have not succeeded in making peace. I sometimes say that in this fallen world working for God is like sewing with a knotted thread; one has constantly to stop and untie the knots. Hence it is no wonder that patience stands so high among the Christian graces.'

In the end of March 1884, Dr. Fairlie Clarke became so poorly that he was compelled to seek advice from a London physician, who at once gave a very serious view of his case, and ordered immediate and complete cessation from work, rest, and change of scene, as the only hope of possible recovery. Accordingly he and his wife again went to the Isle of Wight, hoping that its balmy air would again have the same beneficial effect upon him as before. But this was not to be. For a few days, indeed, he seemed to rally; but after this he rapidly grew worse. When first the nature of his malady dawned on him, he had uttered no complaint, nor expressed any misgivings. Trial found him under shelter. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.' In an early stage of the illness the suffering in the head was most acute, and, as some gentle sighs escaped him, it was observed, 'Those sighs sound like the words, "I am oppressed, undertake for me"' (Isa. xxxviii. 14). 'Yes,' he answered, 'I *am* oppressed! Undertake for me.' Then he added, 'I wonder whether David had as many fears as I have now.' He was reminded of the words, 'What time I am

afraid I will trust in Thee,' and repeated them more than once with much earnestness. Subsequently he gradually lapsed into a state of unconsciousness. Yet from time to time his mind revived, and he would repeat passages of Scripture or of hymns. Expressions of praise and love to God were then always on his lips. When asked how he had slept, his ready answer one morning was, 'Oh, I have had such a good night! How sweet it is to say, "Te Deum laudamus."' 'Give the little boys my love,' he another day said; 'and tell them they shall have a penny a-piece if they can translate "Te Deum laudamus."' Often he fancied it was Sunday, and would repeat some lines he had written for his children :—

'This is the happiest, happiest day
Of all the happy seven;
It is the day on which we seem
Most near to God and heaven.'

No thoughts of an anxious nature were apparently allowed to trouble him. When at all conscious, he seemed to realize only the love of God, and the love of his dearest one on earth.

'Twixt the love below and the love on high
Uncertain he seemed to stand;
So bright was the smile of his darling's eye,
So soft the touch of her hand.
'Twas the dearest thing, next the love of the King,
Who waits in the heavenly land.'

The spring of 1884 was one of unusual loveliness. Days of unclouded sunshine followed one another. From his bed Dr. Clarke could watch the play of light on the waves, and their curling foam as they broke over a rock that lay within his view. His room was often full of flowers sent by his children, or by friends far away. His heavenly Father had sent many tender mercies to soothe his passing away. A kind physician (Dr. Whitehead of Ventnor) attended him. His eldest brother watched beside him. A faithful friend helped to nurse him, one who deserves special mention. We have seen how Dr. Fairlie Clarke had loved and laboured for working men. It was the privilege of one of that class, whom he had long valued, and to whom he had shown much kindness, to wait upon him now, and receive some of his last smiles of recognition.[1] When conscious, passages of

[1] This was Henry Granville Howells, carpenter, late of Bonchurch, now of Ryde, Isle of Wight. During his former stay at

Scripture supported him. Once, when evidently thinking of the children, he said, 'We have tried to train them for the Lord Jesus Christ;' and a few minutes later, evidently thinking of her upon whom the care of them was soon to devolve, he added, 'Grace and wisdom will be given.' When a passing look of trouble crossed his face, and his wife repeated the verse, 'I will hold thee by the right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not. I will help thee,'—he said, 'Say that over and over again; that is the hand *I* want.' Many years before, he had written a hymn on this verse, and the prayer in it for help whenever death might come seemed to be answered now.[1] When the words were said, 'His mercies are new every morning, *great is His faithfulness*,' he repeated the last clause, adding, 'Remember that! notice that! You will need it. *You* will find it so!' and later, when the text was quoted, 'To depart and be with Christ, which is far better,' he added, 'Yes, *indeed!*'

Ventnor, Dr. Fairlie Clarke, who was fond of carving in wood, took some lessons from Howells to perfect himself in the art. This led to an intimate acquaintance with him. He twice invited him to his house at Southborough, partly to teach his children to carve, and still more that Mr. Howells might have the benefit of rest and change of air when sick and in sorrow.

[1] See Hymns at the end of the volume.

The very last words he uttered were adding 'even unto the end,' when the verse was read, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' Such occasional gleams of consciousness and expressions of gentle trust in God were soothing to those who nursed him. As he had lived, so was he ready to die. On the 8th of May the end came, and his spirit gently passed away.

On the 14th the body of Dr. Fairlie Clarke was laid to rest in Elvington Churchyard, near his beloved mother's grave.

'We lay them down to sleep,
But not in grief forlorn;
We lay them but to ripen there
Till the last joyous morn.'

Amongst the wreaths placed on the grave was a beautiful one sent by the members of the Medical Prayer Union.

The sorrow felt at the death of Dr. Fairlie Clarke was deep and widely spread. The circle of his friends was large; for he never lost hold of those to whom he had once become attached. The friendships of his life amongst old and young, rich and poor, were among its chief pleasures. Perhaps, however, no letters received when he was taken away were more touching than those

which came in from young medical students belonging to different branches of the Prayer Union. They all seemed to feel that they had lost a kind and valued friend, whose place could not easily be filled. 'Your husband was a true friend to me in my student days, always kind and genial, a devoted Christian, whose memory it will be a life-long pleasure to cherish.' So wrote one of them. 'I write at once,' are the words of another, the honorary secretary of the Medical Prayer Union, 'to express to you the sympathy of every member. The kindness of one who has been to each and all of us a true friend we shall never forget. The help that Dr. Fairlie Clarke and yourself have been to our Union as a body, and to each individual, I cannot easily express.'

In Southborough and its neighbourhood the premature ending of his career occasioned the keenest regret, and was noticed with much respectful sympathy in all the local papers. The Vicar of St. Thomas, Southborough, the Rev. H. Bigsby, while expressing his own personal loss of a dear friend, thus alludes to his life and character:—'When Dr. Fairlie Clarke had settled down among us, we soon found that a valuable

addition had been made to our village and its neighbourhood. His Christian influence began almost from the first to make itself evident amongst both high and low. The poor especially received much attention from him, and I frequently heard of cases where, without letting them know to whom they were indebted, he would order articles of nourishment to be sent to them. He was one who eminently laid himself out for the good of others. He had a well-furnished mind, and a fund of general information which was always at any one's service. He also quickly won the confidence of those around him, both in his good judgment and in the pains he took to arrive at a right decision in any point of difficulty brought before him. He was often successful in introducing a higher tone into our social gatherings, and would suggest the reading of some poem or striking narrative in the course of the evening. I have a lively recollection of one afternoon at his house when prizes were given to those children who recited best, and who had sent in the best story composed by themselves. I can see the glisten in his eye when one fell to his little son, and I see the scarcely less glad look when one of my own little daughters proved

a successful competitor. We had looked forward to many such pleasant gatherings, but our Father willed it otherwise, and we know, even when we mourn our loss, that His will is best. I must allude to the deeply religious tone which pervaded our friend's whole life. Deeds with him were perhaps more frequent than words. At the same time, he was quick to recognise the electric touch of love for the Master, and to respond to it in conversation which was full of interest. His place in church was seldom empty, which is saying much for a medical man. His responses were particularly hearty, so as to make his absence felt. He found time to attend the meetings of various religious societies, and would on occasion take a part in offering prayer, which I think I may say was one of his gifts. We all miss him, but most of all must he be missed in the home circle. May God fill the gap with the sunshine of His comfortable presence, and help us to follow our dear friend as he followed Christ.'

A memorial tablet[1] was placed in the mission room at High Brooms, the village where he had so earnestly laboured, the expense of which was defrayed by small subscriptions, largely made up

[1] See fac-simile, page opposite.

"Only two things are needed to make a true Christian—a simple trust in God's "mercy through Jesus Christ the Saviour, and an earnest endeavour to follow in "the footsteps of His most holy life."

THUS SAID

WILLIAM FAIRLIE CLARKE, M.D., F.R.C.S.,

TO WHOSE MEMORY FRIENDS IN SOUTHBOROUGH,

(WITNESSES DURING NINE YEARS THAT HIS TRUST WAS SIMPLE AND HIS ENDEAVOUR EARNEST)

PLACE THIS TABLET GIVING GOD THANKS FOR HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER, ESPECIALLY FOR HIS EFFORTS TO ELEVATE AND BEFRIEND THE POOR IN BRIGHTRIDGE AND HIGH-BROOMS.

THIS GOOD STEWARD OF THE MANIFOLD GRACE OF GOD FINISHED HIS WORK ON THE 8TH MAY 1844, IN HIS 51ST YEAR.

"Put thou thy trust in the Lord and be doing good."

by offerings from the poor amongst whom he had laboured. Another memorial of Dr. W. Fairlie Clarke was, we may say, planted by his own hands. He had often watched with admiration a group of old oaks on the edge of the village green. He regretted to observe their advancing decay, and frequently urged the desirability of planting others to take their place when they were gone. 'We must not be selfish,' he said. 'We should plant for generations to come, and not think only of ourselves.' At last he obtained leave to plant some oak saplings. He and his wife planted four, with playful allusion to their own four children. There they stand, therefore, and grow, symbols of 'the good men do, which lives after them!'[1]

> 'Enough, if something from our hands have power
> To live, and act, and serve the future hour.'
>
> WORDSWORTH.

'The righteous and the wise and their works are in the hands of God.'—ECCLES. ix. 1.

[1] We are informed that a drinking fountain is about to be erected at Southborough in memory of Dr. W. F. Clarke. It had been his wish before his illness to have one built, and there is therefore particular appropriateness in this token of affection and respect.

ADDRESSES.

ADDRESSES.

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ADDRESSES TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MEDICAL PRAYER UNION.

I.

October 29, 1875.

When I was invited to take part in the proceedings of this evening, I at once accepted the invitation; and yet I did not do so without diffidence.

I accepted at once, because it seemed to me so clearly my duty to do anything in my power to support the Medical Prayer Union. But I accepted with diffidence, because I know how easy it is to stand up before a meeting of sympathisers, and to express one's belief in the gospel of Christ; and how difficult it is when the meeting is over, and one returns to the business of life,—how difficult it is to live as it becometh the gospel of Christ.

I beg you, therefore, to understand that in what I say this evening I am fully alive to the

dangers and difficulties which beset your lives, and that my desire is to offer you from my own experience one or two hints which you may find practically useful.

This is the meeting of the MEDICAL PRAYER UNION. The link which binds us all together is our connection with our profession. We are all members of the medical profession, or we are preparing to become such. Our special difficulties, temptations, and dangers are, therefore, much the same, and by our presence here this evening we declare plainly that we desire to resist these temptations, to avoid those dangers, and to discharge our special duties as it becomes those who are seeking 'a better country, that is, an heavenly.'

Much has been said about the danger arising from the study of the natural sciences. I cannot but think that this danger has been exaggerated. I cannot believe that the study of God's handiwork has of necessity a tendency to turn our hearts from Him. It ought surely to have quite an opposite effect, and to lead us to say, 'How marvellous are Thy works, O Lord: in wisdom hast Thou made them all.' A short time ago classical education was paramount in this country. The universities and public schools recognised scarcely anything else. The natural sciences were looked on as unworthy of being made the objects of serious study. Hence, when attention was more directed to these subjects, they had to encounter much opposition, and I believe the evil effects attributed to them were in great part the

result of prejudice. They no more tend of necessity to produce infidelity and materialism than does the study of mathematics or classics. I need not go far to prove this. We have only to recall such names as Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir David Brewster, Michael Faraday; or, to come nearer home, I might point to some of those who have taken part of late years in such meetings as this,—for example, Sir J. Simpson, William Allen Miller, George Wilson,—who have combined the highest scientific attainments with a sincere acceptance of the gospel of Christ, and an earnest practical piety.

It is not, then, in this direction that your chief danger lies. It is, I believe, rather from the hardening effect which familiarity with disease and death is apt to produce in some natures, unless it is carefully guarded against. In particular, the work in the dissecting-room and the dead-house is liable to have this result. If there is anything coarse in a man's nature, it is apt to make it coarser. It does not give rise to an intellectual materialism, but simply to hard and callous feelings, and to sensual conduct, the result of unrestrained animal passions.

These are your special dangers; but, in addition to these, you are, of course, exposed to those trials which beset all young men at their entrance on life. You are exposed to the temptation of being wholly engrossed in your professional pursuits, to the neglect of spiritual things. On the other hand, you are exposed to the danger of neglecting both your studies and your spiritual

interests, and yielding to the allurements which the many places of amusement in this metropolis hold out to you. Or, again, you are in danger of stifling your convictions and hiding your colours from fear of the ridicule or the petty persecution of ungodly companions. To all these evil suggestions the deceitfulness of our own hearts gives additional strength. In the midst of so many dangers, how can we hope to stand? 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?' Here it is that the Medical Prayer Union steps in, and answers in the words of Scripture: 'By taking heed thereto according to Thy word;' and my chief object this evening is to give you a few hints as to how this word should be used in order that it may prove your safeguard and guide. You have a hard struggle to maintain your ground, a daily conflict in which you must engage; and this is the sword which God Himself has put into your hand. But of what value is a sword unless we know how to use it? The young soldier must be well practised in his sword exercise before he will be fit to face the enemy.

Having got your Bible, be sure you use it.

First of all, I would remark, it should be used *daily*. You must not let your sword get rusty. It must be ready at any moment to repel an unexpected foe. And this it can only be if your mind is being kept constantly occupied with it. The Word of God must dwell in you richly. You must be familiar with it, if you are to have its exhortations and commands ready at hand, so as

to repel an unexpected temptation, as Christ did in the wilderness. It is not the historical knowledge which we received at school—it is not even the verbal knowledge of passages which we learnt as children—that will sustain us in the conflict of life. We must, each one for himself, study the Word of God constantly and diligently, if, like Apollos, we are to be mighty in the Scriptures. I say, therefore, read your Bibles daily, so that your memories may be always freshly stored with it.

Next, I would say, read the Bible upon a regular system and plan. Don't be satisfied with only opening your Bibles as it were at hazard, and reading a few verses. Would you expect to advance in any knowledge if you treated your scientific books in this way? You might get a smattering of knowledge, but it would be of no practical value. Nor even is it enough to read and re-read certain selected portions of Scripture. The Bible has been given to us as a whole. One part throws light upon another; and unless we are acquainted with all the various books of which it is composed, our views of God's truth are apt to be narrow, and our religious life ill-balanced. I know that a knowledge of the simplest gospel truths is enough for salvation, and that it may be wise to confine the attention of children and uneducated persons to the plainest portions of Scripture. But I am now speaking to educated men, and to those who are aspiring to a learned profession; and I say that you should aspire to a comprehensive acquaintance with

God's Word in order that you may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

When I speak of reading upon a regular system, I mean read consecutively, so that in a longer or shorter period you may read through the entire Bible. For instance, I should recommend you each day to read at least one chapter from the Old Testament, and another from the New. This would carry you through the whole volume in about two years. Or you might like to make use of some of the calendars which have been drawn up for the purpose, such as the Table of Lessons of the Church of England, or the Calendar prepared by the Rev. Robert M'Cheyne. The Chairman, I know, will agree with me in recommending the latter, as it was through him that I became acquainted with it. Since I first saw the little tract, 'Daily Bread,' as it is called, on his table, I have got several penny copies at Nisbet's and circulated them among my friends, so as to induce them to adopt it.

I know the demands which are made upon your time, and how many subjects a diligent medical student has to learn. But, however important your professional studies may be, do not forget that the welfare of your souls is of still greater moment. If you are determined to make time for reading a portion of God's Word morning and evening, you will be able to find means to do it. This may involve a little self-denial, but you must endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. We read in Havelock's Memoir that when he was on the march he habitually rose two hours before

the time for starting, in order to secure leisure for reading the Bible and prayer. If you cannot find leisure in any other way, it will always be in your power to follow his example. On Sundays I would recommend you to make a point of devoting some portions of the day to its special study, with the addition of such books as you can procure which will throw light upon it. And remember that your study of the Bible ought always to be a *devotional* study. It is a book full of interest in a historical, a philological, and an antiquarian point of view, and I do not say that you should neglect it in any of these aspects. But its main object is to be a spiritual guide to us, and what is most important to each individual is that it should be the nourishment of his own soul. And to secure these benefits we must read it in a humble, teachable spirit, with prayer to God for the enlightenment and application of His Holy Spirit. One of the rules of the Jansenists was to read the Bible on their knees. We should all do well to follow this rule in its spirit, if not in its letter.

I have now touched upon the points to which I was chiefly anxious to call your attention, namely, the *daily* study of the Scriptures, the *systematic* study of the Scriptures, the *devotional* study of the Scriptures. In carrying out these pieces of advice which I have ventured to give you, you will find great assistance from the meetings of the Medical Prayer Union. They will strengthen your hands by bringing you into association with other God-fearing men. They

will add to the interest of Bible study by the comments which you will hear struck out from different minds, and they will enlarge your Christian sympathies by showing you that, though good men may differ upon secondary or trifling questions, these are nothing compared with the great fundamental principles upon which they are one.

When I allude to the advantages which you will gain by attending the meetings of the Medical Prayer Union, I speak from my own experience. I often look back with pleasure to my connection with the Christian Medical Association, which in the early years of my career held much the same place that this Union does now. Many a pleasant and profitable hour have I spent under this very roof in attending the Bible-readings presided over by Dr. Stewart, and I made the acquaintance of some of my best and most valued friends at these meetings.

I feel confident that if you use to the full the opportunities which this Association affords you, you will find it not only a source of strength, comfort, and enjoyment while you are a student, but when you are called to responsible spheres of duty, when you stand by the bedside of the sick and dying, you will thank God that you were led to take this means of strengthening your own religious life, and of laying up treasures of religious knowledge which you might bring forth as words in season to supply the needs of others.

II.

October 19, 1877.

THIS is the annual meeting of the Medical Students' Association. Almost all whom I address bear that title. All are students of a most interesting and important subject, and are preparing for the exercise of one of the most useful and honourable of professions. You are bracing yourselves for the business of your lives; you are equipping yourselves for the work which is to make you independent. I doubt not many of you are looking forward to the time when, no longer as learners but as active workers in the field, you will be reaping the fruits of your present toil; and you are anticipating happiness and satisfaction in gathering in the harvest. We who meet you to-night can, from our own past experience, sympathize with your aspirations, and our great desire is that you may not be disappointed, but that your anticipations of happiness may be fully realized. But this can only be the case if you set out in the right way, and if your powers are put forth in due subordination to the mind and will of God. He who has given us our powers of body and our faculties of mind requires that they should be used in subservience to His design in our creation, if we are to derive any true satisfaction, any real happiness, any permanent blessing from them.

Apart from God, none of our powers can bring

us the satisfaction we crave. It needs no words of mine to convince you that you would find no full satisfaction in the exercise merely of your bodily powers. If you were the most successful athlete, if you carried off the leading prizes at the annual games at Lillie Bridge, it would be but a passing pleasure, a momentary triumph. No, no! He who made you designed you for higher things than these, and you would not find, you would not be permitted to find, full satisfaction in the exercise of your bodily powers, however much success you might achieve.

This is so obvious that we need not dwell upon it. Let us pass to the higher, the much higher part of your nature, your intellectual faculties. Will you find a full satisfaction in the exercise of them? I trow not. By all means cultivate them to the highest degree, and use them to the best advantage. To work hard at your studies is your proper duty now. It is what you have come to London for. It is what you have entered at your hospital for. It is what your parents are paying a large sum of money for,—money, perhaps, which they can very ill spare ;—and many an anxious father and many a fond mother is longing and praying that you may be steady and diligent students. By all means work hard at the various subjects which enter into the curriculum of your medical study. I should like to hear that among the winners of scholarships, medals, and prizes, there were many who were members of the Medical Prayer Union. But when you have cultivated your intellectual

powers to the utmost, and when you have attained the largest measure of success, you will achieve nothing which will yield you a full satisfaction. Let me tell you the experience of a very distinguished scholar, Henry Martyn, the well-known missionary and translator of the Bible. He obtained the highest academical honour at Cambridge, that of Senior Wrangler, before he had completed his twentieth year. His own description of his feelings on that occasion is very remarkable. 'I obtained,' he said, 'my highest wishes, but I was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow.'

There is no prize within the reach of a medical student equal to that which Henry Martyn obtained, none which implies such a high standard of ability, or which carries with it so much worldly distinction. If you were to obtain the highest prizes open to a medical student, the highest honours at the London University, you would find, with Henry Martyn, that you had grasped a shadow. The study of the natural world around us, the study of our own bodily organization, the study of our own minds: these and many kindred subjects are, no doubt, full of interest, and may well engage our attention, but they cannot afford us full satisfaction. As we are capable of knowing and communing with the Creator, we cannot rest content in the works of His creation. And more than this: the more we cultivate our intellectual faculties, the more sensible we become of the boundless extent of the field before us, and the utter impossibility of our ever attaining a complete knowledge of it all.

And more still: such is the constitution of our bodies, that just at that time when we seem to have gained such a measure of knowledge and experience as to justify the hope that we may advance with redoubled strides, at that very time our senses begin to fail, our faculties begin to decay, and bodily infirmity puts a drag upon all the powers and achievements of the mind. Few men have had stronger minds than Faraday, whose name is dear to all the students of natural science, and few have retained their faculties longer in vigorous exercise. Yet in one of his letters, dated a few years before his death, he writes: 'My worldly faculties are slipping away day by day. Happy it is for all of us that the true good lies not in them. As they ebb they may leave us as little children, trusting in the Father of mercies and accepting His unspeakable gift.' No, no! He who made you designed you for higher things than these, and you will not be permitted to find a full satisfaction even in the most successful exercise of your intellectual faculties. But, when we have spoken of the physical and intellectual parts of man's nature, we have not covered all. There remain his affections, the part which makes him a social and a sociable being, and which links him to his fellows. Will he find a full satisfaction here? I trow not. For all earthly friendships are like castles built upon the sand, and sooner or later the inevitable wave must carry them away. By all means make friendships during your student days; above all, make Christian friendships. There are

no friendships like the friendships of youth, and amongst youthful friendships there are none which are so valuable as those which rest on a common faith in Christ, and a common desire to serve and glorify Him. They are a veritable anticipation of the communion of saints. By all means make friends among your companions. But your visits to the hospital will give you many opportunities of seeing how manifold are the dangers with which life is beset, how precarious are the ties of friendship, how many are the partings and separations, and in how many ways death may advance to snatch away the loving and the loved, which no care, no forethought, no assiduity can retard or resist. This is a fact which must come to all. All are touched through their affections. It is only the young and strong who find pleasure in the exercise of their physical powers. It is only the talented and the educated who delight in the exercise of their intellectual faculties. But all of us, the young and the old, the educated and the uneducated, the rich and the poor, are influenced by our affections, and are apt to seek our happiness in the exercise of them. But it is certain that such hopes are doomed to disappointment. I daresay you remember those well-known lines of Thomas Moore's upon disappointed hopes:—

'Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hope decay:
I never loved a tree, a flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away;
I never nursed a young gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,

But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.
Now, too, the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
O misery, must I lose that too?'

That was what Moore wrote as a mere observer of human life, and of the fleeting character of all earthly attachments and friendships, and his lines have become popular just because so many feel them to be true.

And so, if your life were enriched with all that human affection can give, you would not be content. You would at least desire this: that the objects of your affections should endure, that they should not pass away like a morning cloud. No, no; He who made you designed you for higher things than these, and you would not find, you would not be permitted to find, a full satisfaction even in the enjoyment of the purest earthly friendships.

It is not in the play of our muscles, however vigorous they may be—it is not in the exercise of our minds, however strong and cultivated they may be—it is not in the warmest of our hearts' affections—that we can find a full satisfaction. We must look higher still, and higher.

St. Augustine says: 'The reasonable soul, made in the likeness of God, may here find much distraction, no full satisfaction; for, it being capable of God, it can be satisfied with nothing but God. Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it rests in Thee.'

How then are we to find this rest? The Lord

Himself answers: 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest;' 'Take my yoke upon you and learn of me;' enter my service, and with sincere desire try to obey my words, to follow my example, and you shall find rest unto your souls. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, not in pride and self-will, but in meekness and lowliness, and you will find rest to your souls. Here is full satisfaction. Here is happiness which leaves no aching void behind it. And it is the object of the Prayer Union to help you thus to come to Christ, to learn His will, to study His example, and try by united prayer to seek for the teaching of His Holy Spirit and for His strength, the moral courage, the perseverance that you need in order that you may put His precepts into practice, and that you may follow in the blessed steps of His most holy life.

I do not pretend to say that you will find it easy to do this. It is not easy to be a consistent and out-spoken Christian at any time of our lives, or in any position; and most assuredly it is not easy during our college days. Students are thrown together so intimately, they are apt to form such hasty opinions about one another, and to express them in such unmeasured, such disagreeable and ill-natured terms, that the position of a young man who desires to walk godly in Christ Jesus is by no means easy. But we must all of us try to 'endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ;' and how various are the hardships which soldiers of all ages and of all ranks are called upon to endure, any one who has read the

newspapers during the last few months has had opportunity of learning. Never mind what thoughtless fellows around you may say. Never mind the sneers and the jeers; never mind the laughing and the chaffing. Take it in good part. Bear it as you best can. Be patient, be gentle, be brave. Suffer not yourself to be moved from the hope of the gospel. Hold fast by the Word of God. Attend the meetings of the Prayer Union regularly. Try to consecrate all your powers of body and mind to the service of God. There you will find a peace, a rest, a full satisfaction, which no annoyances, no insults, no petty persecutions can disturb or destroy, because it is a peace, a satisfaction not given by man, but by God.

'O satisfy us early with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days' (Ps. xc. 14).

ADDRESS TO THE CHRISTIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BY DR. C. J. B. WILLIAMS.

OCTOBER 30, 1868.

I HAVE been requested by the Committee of the Christian Medical Association to address the students at this meeting, and I would wish particularly to speak to the new students, just beginning their career, in the hope of influencing (however feebly) any of them that are undecided on the great proposition which the prophet put to the Israelites—'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve; if Baal be God, follow him: but if the Lord be God, then follow Him.' As an old teacher, I have known many students in their career, and I have some experience of students' life. I know how young life is full of hope, expectation, and enjoyment; I know how much there is to interest and delight you in the pursuit of your studies. It is hard work truly, and will tax your attention and abilities to the utmost, but there is so much to engage and draw you on, that you will find pleasure as well as toil in the work. It is more the idle days and the leisure evenings that you have to fear. You may feel them dull

and wearisome; and then come the temptations of the amusements and scenes of dissipation, so varied and so seducing, in this great town; idle and frivolous in themselves, and full of snares and further temptations to worse and worse evil. How many, alas! fall and are ruined in health, and in all their prospects—for time, and for eternity! and even those less imprudent, that dip into them and think they escape, are they unpolluted? Ask them 'what fruit had ye of those things of which ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death.' So of all sinful pursuits and pleasures. —'The wages of sin is death, but'—mark the contrast—'the GIFT OF GOD is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

I would earnestly urge you at once to 'choose that better part'—to seek the more excellent way; a way not only to save from danger and escape from temptation, but a way of pleasantness and peace, a way in which you will find new life, new happiness, guidance, strength, comfort, and peace, now and for ever—a peace 'which passeth all understanding'—a peace which the world can neither give nor take away—THE PEACE OF GOD, 'which endureth to everlasting life.'

What then is this way? It is the way of Him who said, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life,' the way of Christ. Be a CHRISTIAN: that is, a man in CHRIST. 'Now, if any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' A new creature in Christ Jesus! How different from a

nominal Christian! Oh, that cold, lifeless, outside Christianity will never give you life, or comfort, or strength. The nominal Christian may say his prayers, but is that praying? he cannot, in using the Lord's Prayer, address Almighty God as 'Our Father in heaven,'—as his reconciled Father in Christ. He has not the '*spirit of sonship*'—(*literal trans.*, Rom. viii. 15)—whereby we can say 'Abba, dear Father,' with the filial confidence of a pardoned and loving child. Again, the petition, 'Thy Kingdom come,' is that the wish of one who is a Christian only in name? O no; the kingdom of Christ must begin in our hearts, before we can look and long for its coming on earth; we must have the foretaste before we can long for the fruition.

But listen to some of the exceeding great and precious promises to the real Christian: 'Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called God's children;' 'Now are we God's children, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him: for we shall see Him as He is; and' (mark the corollary) 'every one that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself even as That One is pure.' How astonishing this declaration: 'As many as are led by God's Spirit, they are God's sons'—(*literal*, 1 John iii. 1);—'and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.' And the promises are for the present as well as for the future: 'Godliness is profitable to all things, having the promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to

come;' 'All things are yours;' 'Things present or things to come, all are yours.' But 'trust not in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things for enjoyment' (*literal*, 1 Tim. vi. 17).

And is not our covenant God in Christ the Almighty God of nature also? the great First Cause who in wisdom made all things by the word of His power? the All-wise Designer of the wondrous and beautiful phenomena and laws of chemistry, physiology, and other sciences, which delight us? We discover them bit by bit, slowly and partially unveiling their wonders; but oh, what a blaze of unspeakable glory, when all these, and ten thousand times more, shall be revealed in the clear light of heaven! 'Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then shall we fully know even as also we are fully known'—(*literal*, 1 Cor. xiii. 12). Oh, shall we not therefore look to Him in whom 'are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' and in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore?

It is written, 'He that made the eye, shall He not see? and He that formed the ear, shall He not hear?' and in the spirit of the Scripture may we not say, He that formed our senses here below: for such exquisite enjoyment in sight, hearing, and other sensations, so captivating even in our imperfect state, what shall He not prepare for us when our senses shall be purified and exalted in our glorified bodies? For, bear in mind, our

bodies shall be raised with all their senses and perceptions, and with all the mental powers also; but 'made like unto the body of His glory' (Phil. iii. 21), refined, ennobled, incorruptible; so that all enjoyment shall be no longer mixed, but complete, no longer fleeting, but everlasting. Think of this, ye that prefer the pleasures of sin which are but for a season. It is God that has made that capacity for pleasure, which you abuse and turn to everlasting torment. But to those who love Him and obey His commandments He will surely give a far more exceeding and eternal weight of enjoyment in His heavenly kingdom.

And so of all the capacities and faculties with which God has endowed us in this life,—our delight in the beautiful scenes of nature, our æsthetic gratification in all the charms of music and of painting, enhanced by culture and art, our enjoyment of the inspiring thoughts and words of poetry and imagination, and even the severer exercise of our reasoning powers in matters of philosophy and science,—all these, if kept in subjection to the will of God, and giving Him the praise due to His name, all these granted to us, in limited portions, as our earthly talents and blessings here, shall not cease in death, but shall be infinitely expanded and perfectly consummated in our glorified bodies, made like unto the glorious body of Christ our Head and Forerunner, and thus be made fit for the glorious inheritance of the saints in light. There shall be no more darkness, no more pain, no more sorrow, and (blessed be God) no more sin and temptation; but all shall

be light, and wisdom, and beauty, and bliss unutterable and unbounded, for ever and ever. 'Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless.'

Addressing myself especially to new students, I have urged these considerations—feebly, I know—to induce them to serve the Lord Christ. You have a noble work in your profession—noble in its study—noble in its practice—noble in its objects; but oh! ennoble it more completely, by doing all in the love and to the glory of God.

Seek continually His help, study constantly His Word, rely ever on His strength, confide in His love. 'Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' Thus follow the steps of the Great Physician, who went about doing good, and making it His meat and drink to do the will of His Father in heaven. So, united to Him, as Head of all things to His Church, abide in Him by firm and living faith, and 'He will never leave you nor forsake you,' but He will be your support, and comfort, and guide in this life, and will give you an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom, there to be with Him, and reign with Him for ever and ever.

PRAYERS.

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PRAYERS FOR MEDICAL MISSIONS.

I.

WE pray Thee, O God, for all who have gone forth as medical missionaries, or as missionary nurses. Give them special fitness for their special work. Give them skill and ability and tenderness in dealing with the suffering and the afflicted. Give them grace and wisdom to enable them to speak words in season, and to point the sick and the dying to the Great Physician of souls. Grant them such success in their medical work, that prejudices may be removed and confidence won, that so by this means a great door and effectual way be opened for the preaching of Thy gospel, and that the Word of God may have free course and be glorified.

We pray Thee, O God, to pour out a spirit of brotherly love and Christian unity on all those who are labouring in the field of foreign missions. Let no root of bitterness springing up trouble them, and give occasion to the adversary to speak

reproachfully. Whatever differences there may be among them, by whatever names they are known among us, may they be known among the heathen only as the standard-bearers of the Cross, and the faithful soldiers of Jesus Christ. Let not their work be hindered by the inconsistent lives of Englishmen who profess to call themselves Christians. Constrain all our countrymen, who are in foreign lands, to remember how great is their responsibility, how influential is their example, and how much they can do by a holy walk and conversation, to encourage the missionaries, and to further their work. Grant that wherever Englishmen go, as soldiers or sailors, in commerce or in enterprise, they may remember the blessings which Thou hast bestowed upon us as a nation, and that, having had the advantage of a Christian education themselves, they may not bring discredit on Thy holy religion or hinder the spread of the gospel.

And we pray for the converts, those who by Thy grace have been called out of darkness into marvellous light. Help them to stand fast in the faith, and to witness a good confession. Help them to maintain holy lives, and thus may they adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things. Let them not hanker after any of the heathen practices which they have renounced, but may they be wholly Thine, and separated unto Thyself; and may they see such beauty and excellence in Christ Jesus, that they may desire none but Him; and may they be ever pressing toward the mark for the prize of their high calling.

Thou hast drawn us together at this time, O God, and united us in prayer for a great and glorious object, but our hearts are cold, our desires are feeble. Create in us an earnest longing for Thy glory, and for the extension of Thy kingdom. May it be a real grief to us that Thy name is blasphemed every day, and that the honour and worship which belong to Thee only are given to others. May we say from our hearts, 'Thy kingdom come,' 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus;' and may we endeavour, each one in our station, by prayer, by self-denial, by personal effort, to promote this blessed end.

Hear us, heavenly Father, pardon our sins, pardon the unworthiness of our prayer, and give us a gracious answer, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

II.

O God, who hast commanded us to make supplications and prayers for all men, we desire now to intercede for those who are engaged in alleviating the sickness and the suffering that there is in this fallen world.

We pray for all medical men, and for all who attend upon the sick, that they may know Thee themselves and value Thy salvation, and may be real followers of Him who went about doing good to the bodies and souls of men.

We pray for all hospitals and schools of medical education. May those who teach do so in Thy faith and fear, and may those who learn be

preserved from the peculiar dangers by which they are surrounded. Lead them not into temptation, but deliver them from evil. Let not their studies harden their hearts or alienate their minds from Thee, but may the contemplation of Thy marvellous handiwork and the observation of disease and death turn them to Jesus Christ, who is the Truth and the Life; so that, when they themselves enter upon their ministry of healing, they may go forth as *His* disciples.

We pray Thee especially for all medical missionaries, whether at home or abroad. Uphold their goings in Thy ways, that their footsteps slip not. Support them in their trials, and guide them in their difficulties. May their faith fail not. May their love abound more and more, both towards Thee and towards all men. Give them the skill and the wisdom that they need. May they be fruitful in every good word and work, and may Thy blessing so rest on them that their labours may not be in vain in the Lord. Make them mighty, O Lord, to the pulling down of the strongholds of prejudice and superstition, so that a great door and effectual way may be opened for the preaching of Thy gospel, and that Thy word may have free course and be glorified.

Thus, in Thine own good time, may Thy kingdom come, wherein there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things shall have passed away.

Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

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THE SICK-NURSE.

THE sick-nurse! What a multitude of associations does the name call up,—visions of sickness and disease in an infinite number of shapes,—visions of nursing in all the varieties of that many-sided occupation. What significant glimpses it gives us of brutal violence and womanly tenderness; of gross vices and heroic virtues; of fiendish passions and angelic ministrations. Into what a close and eloquent juxtaposition it brings human weakness and human strength; man's littleness and man's greatness. Of this the incident that I am about to relate furnishes one of the most striking examples that have ever come under my observation.

But first I must premise that sick-nurses are not now what once they were. Only a few years ago, it was thought that any woman who had gained some slight knowledge of nursing in tending her own children, was good enough

to be a sick-nurse. Her acquaintance with the subject might be of the scantiest and most imperfect kind; her education might have been *nil;* her character and habits might have been such as it would be dangerous to investigate; she might have found it impossible to obtain a livelihood in any other way: and yet she was accounted good enough for a sick-nurse. I have known the entire supervision of two wards accommodating five-and-twenty patients entrusted to a woman who could neither read nor write. And why, some one may ask, should it not be so? Does nursing consist in anything more than shaking up pillows, applying poultices, and giving a table-spoonful of physic every four hours? Yes, reader; it consists in much more than this — in infinitely more. It means the art of influencing all the conditions—physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual—which surround the sick man, and the art of regulating all circumstances, good or bad, so as to avoid all harm and secure all benefit, and that with the least possible wear and tear to the patient himself. But to do this is a very high art; indeed, it needs not the worn-out energies of the coarse, the vulgar, and the brutish, but the highest training of the most refined and cultivated minds.

It is only of late years that this has come to be acknowledged. However, with the acknowledgment has set in a mighty change. Training

institutions for nurses have been established in town and country, and very strict have the managers been as to the material which they undertook to mould. Only women of good character and tolerable education are considered eligible, and these are carefully instructed in the *rationale* of their art by lectures and classes, as well as trained practically in the wards of a hospital. At the head of these training institutions are placed ladies of the highest possible character,—ladies who combine all the advantages of education and refinement with devoted zeal and energy in carrying out the task which they have voluntarily undertaken. It is not my intention in this slight sketch to speak of these establishments in detail. It is not my purpose to trace their rise and progress, to discuss the principles upon which they should be based, or to define the proper method of regulating them. All this has been done by far abler pens than mine. I would only say that, so speedily have they taken root in English soil, so rapidly have they been multiplied, that there are now training institutions to suit persons of all the different shades of religious belief, as well as others which have no affinity whatever with sisterhoods, and in which nursing is treated merely as an employment by which women may earn an honest livelihood. No lady, no woman, can with justice say that there

is not at hand the means of her becoming a skilled sick-nurse, without her adopting any extreme opinions, or renouncing all hope of marriage, or taking any life-long vows. How many a young lady, as she reads the last new novel, sighs over the dulness and flatness of her own existence, and wishes that she could find a place in some of the romances of real life. How many another, as she hears of missionary enterprises at home or abroad, —the moving incidents of Christian chivalry,— —deplores the apparent idleness and unprofitableness of her life, and wishes that she might come to the front, if only as a *vivandière*, to strengthen the hands of the fighters, and to succour the wounded. Well, here is just the opening that such an one desires; just the niche that she may fill, provided there are no family ties that have a prior claim upon her. She may here find a passage into the thickest of the fray, and she may here come into almost daily contact with the tragedies of real life. If only she inquires a little into their circumstances, she will find many a hero among the patients entrusted to her care. Each one of them is called upon to exercise high qualities, patience, endurance, fortitude; and if she will enter into their griefs, and give them the help of her counsel and the comfort of her sympathy, she will no longer find her life dull and uninteresting. Only wait a little, brave heart. By and by,

when you are a few years older, you shall be right welcome; and meanwhile, there is much to learn that will be useful to you when the proper time comes for you to enter a hospital. Any branch of study for which you have a taste—poetry, history, languages—any accomplishment in which you may excel, such as music or drawing—may help you to do your work, or may serve to amuse your invalids, or enable you to win their confidence. But, most of all, you have yourself to learn those habits of patience and forbearance, of prompt decision and self-reliance, of gentleness and tact, which will be constantly called for when you enter on the duties of a sick-nurse.

But enough of this. Now for my story.

It was when I was house-surgeon to one of the metropolitan hospitals, that I was summoned early one morning to see a man who had just been brought in, having met with an accident. I found the entrance hall occupied by a noisy crew, who were supporting a still noisier patient. He was shrieking and laughing by turns; at one time cursing his companions, and at another bantering them in a careless kind of a way. As I saw at a glance that he had evidently met with a severe accident, and as it was quite clear that the whole party were tipsy, I ordered the porters to carry the patient up to the surgical ward, and thus I got rid of his companions. I followed the patient

up-stairs, assisted in getting him into bed, and proceeded to examine his leg, which was broken. But this was no easy matter, for he was so restless, he threw himself about in so many directions, he abused me so roundly, he made such successful efforts to hinder us from carrying out our wishes, that to make a thorough examination of the injury was out of the question. It was evident, however, even without any such minute inspection, that he had met with a fracture of the very worst description,—what is called in surgery a compound fracture; and that his present state of drunkenness added not a little to the risk of a fatal issue. So there was nothing for it but just to put his leg in the splints which are usually employed in such cases, and to keep him quiet as we best could. On inquiry I learnt that he was a public-house keeper in the neighbourhood, that he had long been a man of intemperate habits, and that for the last fortnight he had been drinking incessantly. This course had brought him into a state verging upon *delirium tremens;* and while in that condition he had attempted to get out of a window some eight or ten feet from the ground, had fallen and injured himself in the severe manner that has been described. I have said that we did our best to quiet him, and to keep his leg at rest. But in truth it was no easy matter to do either the one or the other. He was so

noisy, so abusive; he threw off the bedclothes, he undid the apparatus, he flung himself about in such a way, and was so boisterous and unruly, that he was a nuisance to every one else in the ward, so I had to have him removed into a small separate room, and a special watch was set over him. This duty was undertaken by one of the lady sisters and one of the nurses; and I myself spent as much time as I could afford by his bedside. If his removal to a separate room had a soothing influence upon those whom he left behind, it had no such effect on himself. He seemed to consider it an insult that he had been treated as refractory, and this made him more angry than before. Indeed, he was now perfectly furious, talking fast, and gesticulating wildly, and using the most awful imprecations, ever and anon, after the manner of one in *delirium tremens*. He searched first on one side of the bed and then on the other for imaginary objects,—snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and the like,—with which his fancy filled the room. At an early period of his life he had been in South America, and thus it was that he was familiar with these venomous reptiles which now haunted his imagination. All this time he was tossing himself about, and moving his leg as far as the splints would allow, as if it were quite insensible to pain. Indeed, it was with great difficulty that he was restrained from getting out of bed and trying to

walk. Meanwhile, the good lady and the nurse were unwearied in their efforts. Quietly and patiently, with wonderful forbearance, they did everything that could be done, either by gentle expostulation or by management, to calm him, but all to no purpose.

Suddenly, after he had been throwing his limb about with more than his usual violence, I noticed that the sheet which covered him was saturated with blood. I threw it off, and found that his leg was bleeding fast. At once I placed a pad of lint on the bleeding point, and said to the lady sister, 'Press that hard, and, whatever the man does, do not let go your hold.' I hurriedly desired the nurse to redouble her efforts to keep the patient still, while I ran for such things as were necessary in order to stop the hæmorrhage. In a crisis like this the value of education becomes apparent. I well knew that I could rely on the presence of mind and determination of the lady sister in carrying out my instructions. No weak fears of responsibility, no nervous alarm, nothing short of actual violence would, I felt quite sure, make her quit her hold.

I was only absent from the room for a minute. When I came back, the patient was as furious as ever. He was sitting up in bed, using the most awful language, with which I dare not sully my page, and trying by main force to drag his leg

out of the grasp of the sister. Suddenly his voice ceased, his hands relaxed their hold, and he fell back on the pillows dead. He had died of his drunken fit. Anything more awful it has never been my lot to witness. One minute he was employing the most terrible imprecations, and the next minute he was dead. A horror of great darkness seemed to have come over the scene.

The patient was hardly dead when a rap came at the door. His wife had come to the hospital to see him, and to learn how he was. She had brought with her their child, a little girl of about five years old. The lady sister went to meet them at the door, and, without letting them know at once what had taken place, she led them to an adjoining room, that she might gradually break to the poor woman the news of her husband's death.

Between the husband, as we had seen him in the morning, and the wife, the contrast, even at first sight, was very striking. He had been a coarse-featured man, with a red and sensual-looking countenance, and every word he said testified that his face did him no injustice. About his wife, on the contrary, there was an air of great refinement. Not that she was handsomely dressed; far from it. Though neatly and tidily dressed, her clothes were as simple as possible, and evidently preserved with studied

care and economy. It was her face which at once attracted one's attention and enlisted one's sympathies. She was prematurely grey,—indeed, her hair was almost white,—though she did not look over forty years of age. Her cheek was pallid and wan. Her features were well defined and regular, with a great deal of character and firmness about them, but it was with the firmness of one accustomed to restrain herself, and not of one accustomed to command. Her eye was clear and open, but the fire of youthful hopes had left it, and its only expression was one of gentle and forbearing tenderness. Altogether one would have seen at a glance that she had suffered much, not, perhaps, in the way of great shocks or losses, but what is infinitely more heart-breaking, in the way of daily and hourly neglect and brutality, in constant forbearance with vices which her pure soul loathed and detested, but which she could not restrain, and which she was obliged to meet as best she could. She had long since found that the best way to meet them was by a gentleness and tenderness which no excesses could disturb, and no ill-treatment could ruffle.

When the lady sister had explained to her the severity of her husband's injury, the great danger which had attended it from the first, and had at last made known to her its fatal issue, the poor woman's grief was silent and tearless, but not

therefore the less profound. Her little girl, who only perceived that something dreadful had happened to her father, who had always been a very fond and indulgent parent to her, kept asking where he was gone, what they were going to do with him, why she might not go to him. These simple questions—so unfathomable, so agonizing to the poor wife's heart — the lady sister parried with exquisite grace and tact, and presently the new-made widow was sufficiently composed to speak of her past life, and to look the awful realities of her present situation steadily in the face. Her life had long since lost its romance. All sentiment had been crushed out of it. She had been too much habituated for years past to loneliness, neglect, and misery to be overpowered by even such a blow as this. Her history was a sad, but, alas! not an uncommon one. Ten years before the time of which I am now speaking, she had been lady's maid in a family of some consideration. She was a clever and faithful servant, and a woman of a sweet, amiable, and pious disposition.

These qualities endeared her to her mistress, and she was a general favourite in the house. Her future husband was butler in the same family. He, too, was a good servant, but his goodness depended upon the restraint and control which was exercised over him by his master. He

'had no root in himself, and in time of temptation fell away.' He did his work well enough when it was regularly assigned to him, when his wages depended upon it, when temptation was kept out of his way, and when it would have become at once evident if his duty was neglected. But when he was married, when he became his own master, and had set up a public-house, much against the advice of his former employer and the entreaties of his wife, all the weakness and self-indulgence of his character became apparent. It was now his turn to rule. He thought it beneath him to do any household work. Everything must be done for him by the pot-boy, or the maid-of-all-work, or most probably by his wife. He spent his time idling among his friends, or gossiping in the parlour with those who frequented his house. Of course this led to his drinking many glasses of ale and spirits in the course of the day; the quantum which he took one day was slightly increased the next, and so on he went from little to more, and from bad to worse It is not wonderful that after this career had continued for seven or eight years, it should have come to pass that he was almost constantly in a semi-intoxicated state, and always on the verge of an attack of *delirium tremens*. From having been a smart, active, intelligent servant, he had become a very sot, weak, trembling, and bloated

in body, and irritable, indolent, and selfish in mind; while in his wife the change, at least in outward appearance, was not less sad, though her spirit rose nobly above her circumstances, and seemed to have become more truthful and more refined as her trials increased, and her grief became more poignant. She had once had a large share of good looks, a fresh colour, a bright smile, and an elastic step, which, added to the regularity of her features, went far to make her very prepossessing. But the fresh colour was faded now, the bright smile rested on no one but her little girl, and the elastic step had given place to a feeble and weary gait.

Her features still retained their former outline; there was the same thoughtfulness on her brow, the same calmness in her eye, the same firmness in her mouth and chin, but these qualities were all subdued by the prevailing meekness and resignation of her demeanour. She had learnt in a school of long and painful discipline that her thoughtfulness must be constantly exercised in trying to lead her husband to a better life; that her calmness was needed to quiet the tempest of her own troubled heart; and that all her firmness was called into play in bearing the ill-usage of her husband, not answering word for word, or blow for blow, but contrariwise blessing.

The evils of our public-house system and of

our drinking customs have been often dwelt upon. At the present moment they are attracting the serious consideration of all thoughtful persons as well as of the Legislature ; and I should be glad if anything I could say might help to swell the cry which is raised on behalf of minimizing the traffic in strong drink, and placing it under stringent regulations.

There are, in this country, three main sources of disease and death ; and of these drinking—alcoholic poisoning—is perhaps the chief. This is just as much as to say that the amount of alcohol consumed is not merely so much as is good and beneficial, but what is hurtful and even deadly. In many cases, such as that of this publican whose end we have described, it brings about a speedy death ; and in many others the habitual and continued use of a larger quantity of beer, or wine, or spirits than the system requires, induces what are known as senile changes, and in one way or another leads to premature decay.

But to return to my narrative. When the lady sister had gently announced to the poor woman the death of her husband, and when time had been allowed her to recover the blow, she was led into the chamber of death. There she knelt by the bed, with her little girl beside her, and remained some minutes in silent prayer. What was the burden of her petitions we need not

inquire, God knows. It may be that, though to the eye of man her conduct towards her husband had seemed exemplary, yet she knew there had been failures and shortcomings for which she desired to be forgiven. It may be she thought that if her behaviour had been different the result might not have been so disastrous. None of us are perfect, and such self-reproaches could scarcely fail to arise at such a moment. Possibly they had a foundation in fact, and this added to the poignancy of her grief. It was not for herself she mourned; to her, personally, her husband's death could not fail to be in a certain sense a relief; but she recollected the promise of his early manhood, and now had come this terrible end; and the words kept ringing in her ears, 'The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God.' After a few minutes the widow rose from her knees, kissed her husband's forehead, and turned to leave the room.

Hers was a calm and unobtrusive grief. Love, the romance of love, had long since been stamped out by her husband's brutal conduct. It had been hard even for affection to struggle on under such provocations, and it had well-nigh come to this, that for duty's sake she tolerated her husband, and bore with his ill-treatment as patiently as she could. Now that he was gone it would be idle to pretend that she felt the loss

very acutely ; perhaps it would be more correct to say that a weight was lifted from her heart. The husband who had been the direct cause of her greatest trials, who had brought her into a line of life that she hated, and surrounded her with influences which were sure to involve grave peril for her little girl as she grew up,—the husband whose bad conduct had marred the bright prospects with which their married life had opened only nine years before, who had alienated their best friends, and had brought discord, poverty, and misery into their home,—was gone, and it would be vain to say that she was unprepared for the blow, or that she felt it to be a very heavy one.

When she got home, and when the duties which more immediately pressed upon her had been discharged, her first thought was how to wind up the business and to get out of a trade which she utterly detested. When her husband's affairs were looked into, they were found in the greatest confusion. His accounts had been kept in the most slovenly manner. He was deeply in debt to the firm of brewers who were his landlords, and there was little enough left to pay either them or any of his numerous creditors.

During this trying time, while things were being wound up in a way which constantly reminded the poor woman of her husband's reckless,

almost dishonest neglect of business, the lady nurse from the neighbouring hospital often came to see her, and no small help was she to the lonely woman, not merely by the comfort and support which her sympathy afforded, but also by her practical experience, and the wisdom of her advice. The tragic death of the publican, and the humble resignation of his wife, touched and interested her deeply. Here, at least, she was brought in contact with the realities of life, and she rejoiced in being able to help the widow and the fatherless.

After the lapse of a couple of months the public-house was duly transferred to other hands, and the widow betook herself to a distant country village, where her own relatives had kindly undertaken to provide her with a home. There, in course of time, some of her former brightness and cheerfulness returned, as her little girl, surrounded by favourable circumstances, and under the happiest influences, grew up to be a help and comfort to her mother.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

TIME was—and that not very long ago—when the name of a medical student was a synonym for coarseness and vulgarity, if not for profanity and licentiousness. But happily that time has passed away, we may hope for ever. The medical student of the present day has only himself to blame if he finds that his pursuits are a mark for unfavourable criticism. It may not be uninteresting to inquire how the change has been brought about. In doing so we shall be led to speak both of what the student of medicine was two or three generations ago, and of what he is now. It will also afford an opportunity for indicating the different modes of entering the medical profession, the best course of study for a young man who wishes to be a doctor, the examinations that must be passed, and the various lines of practice that are open to the junior members of the profession. In the course of these inquiries we may, I trust, be able to give some hints, some advice that may be useful to those who are anxious to devote themselves to the healing art.

Strange it is that a profession, which in its aims and objects is confessedly one of the noblest, should ever have been regarded with anything but admiration! Strange that to be the student of such a profession should ever have been a reproach! Yet such was the case but a few years ago. Though in the metropolis there were always a few medical men who held a distinguished social position, on account of their professional abilities or their remarkable success in practice, yet, as a rule, doctors did not take equal rank with the members of the other 'learned professions,' and the name of a medical student was almost a byword.

If we were to trace to their origin the causes of this prejudice, we should, I apprehend, find that they were various. A century ago little thought was bestowed on the alleviation of sickness and suffering. Those who occupied themselves in any way with the care of the sick poor were but few. The great majority stood aloof from any such employment. The hospitals were left to the management of two or three individuals, who, together with the medical staff, were the only persons who took any interest in them. At the same time the nursing department was suffered to fall into the hands of a very inferior class of women. Politicians were occupied with revolutions and wars, the Church was in a torpid and

lifeless condition, and no one cared to trouble himself with the provision made for the sick. Thus the medical profession, the hospitals, the poor law medical service, and, in fact, everything that had to do with the sick and suffering members of the community, fell into neglect. It was altogether a distasteful subject, and it was thrust as far as possible out of sight. Few gentlemen were willing to take any part in managing charitable institutions, ladies had not found out how usefully they could employ themselves in superintending hospitals, or in training nurses; and as for the inmates of the workhouse infirmaries, the provision that was made for them was of the most niggardly kind.

When this was the state of public feeling, it is not wonderful that the medical profession was lightly esteemed. It is not wonderful that our public schools and universities sent but few students into its ranks. They were for the most part recruited from a somewhat lower grade of society. Thus cause and effect acted and reacted upon one another. Public attention was turned away from the sick poor, and they were relegated to the care of an inferior class of men; and because medical men were of an inferior grade the public attention continued to be so turned away. But there was another reason why medical students were disesteemed. This was because no general

interest was taken in the physical sciences. These branches of learning were studied only by those who had a special taste or aptitude for them. They formed no part of the education given at schools and colleges. The public had not then awaked to an interest in the phenomena of nature. No facilities were given for the study of those sciences upon which the practice of medicine rests; and, indeed, strange fears were entertained lest by familiarizing youthful minds with the works of the Creator we might rob them of their faith, and make them atheists and materialists. Thus neither the beneficent nor the scientific aspect of the medical profession was appreciated; the natural sciences were almost unstudied; and because medicine and surgery had but a vague scientific basis, they had fallen a prey to the devices of quacks and charlatans.

Perhaps another reason, arising out of the foregoing, was that medical education was more laborious than the easy-going spirits of a bygone age recognised as gentlemanly. There was too much drudgery about it to suit the luxurious times of Louis XIV. or George IV. Again, the common mode of entering the profession was by an apprenticeship to an apothecary; and this introduced an element of trade which was thought beneath the dignity of a liberal and

learned vocation. For these reasons among others, the medical profession had fallen in the public estimation. Is it strange, then, that the medical student, drawn from an inferior grade of society, following studies which were looked upon with aversion, and dealing with a class of the community in whose sufferings no interest was felt, is it strange that his conduct should sometimes have been such as to bring a reproach upon the name he bore ?

But, happily, all this is changed now. The Churches are awaking to the fact that the care of the sick poor is one of the most important duties that can devolve upon a Christian community. The sympathies of society at large have been drawn out in favour of their suffering fellow-creatures, while all are now alive to the interest of the physical sciences, and almost every school and college has made arrangements for giving special instruction in them. Every boy who has a taste for chemistry or natural history can now find plenty of opportunities for cultivating his favourite studies and for turning them to account in his after life, and for such lads one of the most natural outlets is the medical profession. Now, at least among thoughtful people, the healing art is appreciated both in its beneficent and in its scientific features ; and if a medical student finds that he is regarded unfavourably, the fault pro-

bably lies in himself. It is not because his studies are anatomy and physiology, nor because his work lies in the hospital wards, nor because he is constantly engaged in relieving human suffering, that his friends look upon him askance. If there are any who still regard the pursuits of a medical man with disfavour, they are probably idlers and triflers, whose opinion is of no weight, and is not worthy of consideration. Like Shakespeare's fop, they are more affected by the sights and smells of the battlefield, than by the grand issues of the contest. It may be taken for granted that there is no real earnest work to be done in the world without encountering something that is disagreeable; and no sensible person will think the worse of a young man who is engaged in learning anatomy, or in tending the poor in hospitals, when he has in view the grand object of ministering to the sick, and relieving the sum of human misery. But as no boy who has a taste for the medical profession should be hindered from entering it because others have no fancy for the work, or because they think it degrading, so, on the other hand, no lad ought to be sent into the profession against his will. It is a profession which, more than most, requires special tastes and special aptitudes; and a parent ought no more to think of making his son a doctor against his inclination, than he would of

making him a clergyman under similar circumstances.

I have known a few young men who have abandoned the medical profession after having made a short trial of it; but, on the other hand, I have known a much larger number who have shrunk from their studies a little at first, and have afterwards become absorbed and engrossed by them. I suppose there is no master who has so many enthusiastic disciples as Esculapius. His lessons are so varied, his work so many-sided, that it offers attractions to men of very different habits of mind. Is a young man anxious to spend his life in doing good, bodily as well as spiritual, to his fellow-men? Where can he find a wider field than in the medical profession? Is he desirous of an active and practical employment? The business of a doctor will be enough to occupy all his energies. Is he fond of science, of chemistry and physiology? He will find that the chemistry and physiology of the human body offer problems that baffle the keenest intellects.

If a lad, after giving medical study a fair trial, finds that he has no taste for it, that he cannot get over the disagreeables which lie on its threshold, then he had better give it up at once, and turn his attention to something else; and he may carry with him this consolation, that many a man who has changed his line early in life, has risen

to fame and fortune in the end. There are notable instances of this upon record. Perhaps the reason is that the boy's first profession was chosen for him; the second he chooses for himself; it is the profession of his heart, and he works at it *con amore.* Or perhaps it may be that, having abandoned the profession which his friends had selected for him, he feels that everything now depends upon his own exertions, and thus he is stimulated to greater diligence.

But supposing that a lad has a decided preference for the medical profession, and wishes to enter it, what is the best preliminary education for him? That is a question that I have often been asked. I reply, let him go to a good school,—a public school,—and then, if possible, to a university. Let him have, in fact, the best general education that his friends can afford to give him; and if, during the course of it, he can pay some attention to chemistry, botany, or natural history, so much the better; but I would not advise him to omit any part of his general education for the sake of these special studies. He will have plenty of time for them afterwards.

When his general education has been completed, let him be entered at a metropolitan hospital. If he comes up to London straight from school, he will probably be about seventeen or eighteen; if he has been to a university, he will

be a few years older. But this is no disadvantage. It is not desirable to commence the study of medicine very young. A generation ago, lads used to be bound apprentice to an apothecary at the age of fifteen or sixteen. Instead of carrying on their general education, they were sent to serve their time in a surgery. When they ought to have been studying Latin and Greek, Mathematics and French, they were employed in compounding medicines of whose nature and uses they knew nothing. But happily that mode of entering the profession is fast dying out. Every medical student has now to pass an entrance examination in general knowledge; and it is felt that it is of much more importance that he should spend his time at school than that he should be compounding pills and draughts. When he has learned something of chemistry and botany, as well as of the nature and uses of drugs, he may easily, in a short course of practical pharmacy, obtain all the information that he need possess about the dispensing of medicines. The choice of a hospital is a matter of great importance, and also of some difficulty. There are in the metropolis about a dozen medical schools, which vary in size and reputation, much in the same way that the colleges in a university differ from one another. Some number their students by hundreds, others only by tens. Some of the old

and richly-endowed hospitals have as many as three or four hundred pupils upon their roll, while others have not more than a sixth of that number. The wealthy foundations have no doubt great advantages. At these the students see an enormous variety of cases in the comparatively short time that their medical education lasts. But this is not an unmixed good. Young men who are just beginning their professional studies, and to whom the whole nomenclature of disease is new, are apt to be bewildered among the multiplicity of cases. It is better for them to see a smaller number, and to have leisure to watch them carefully; and, without disparagement to the munificence of our forefathers, we may safely say that a hospital which can accommodate a couple of hundred in-patients affords ample opportunities for a young man to become thoroughly acquainted with his professional duties. Moreover, at the larger schools, notwithstanding the command of money which their endowments give them, it is difficult to suppose that there can be the same individual attention given to each student that there is at the smaller ones, or that the pupils can be brought into the same close and intimate association with their teachers.

Again, at the smaller schools some work can be found for each of the pupils,—each can have

definite duties assigned to him under one of the physicians or surgeons,—he can have a few patients put provisionally under his charge ; and this not only tends to interest him in his work, but it is the only way in which such a practical profession as that of medicine can be learned. These considerations ought not to be lost sight of in selecting a boy's place of study. If he is naturally studious, he will probably make a full use of the great advantages which the large hospitals and rich foundations offer him; but if he is less disposed to work, perhaps he will do better at a smaller school, just as one boy will derive the utmost benefit from Eton or Harrow, while the education of another will go on more prosperously under the eye of a private tutor. But in most cases convenience, or personal friendship, or some other special reason, will rule the choice of the hospital ; and it may be safely said that if the larger hospitals have their advantages, so also have the smaller ones, and a parent cannot go far wrong if he sends his son to one of the hospital-schools which has the best reputation at the time, be it large or be it small. Some of the hospitals have colleges attached to them,—that is to say, there are sets of rooms where the students can reside under the general superintendence of a tutor ; and at most of the hospitals some of the medical men are authorized to

receive pupils into their houses as boarders. This is a better arrangement to make for a young lad than the former, for it is not well that he should reside always in the immediate neighbourhood of the hospital. It is better that he should have a walk to and from his work every day. Moreover, it is very desirable that, when a boy first comes up to London, he should be put under the care of some one who will look after him, and shield him, as far as possible, from the dangers and temptations of the great metropolis. But if a young man is a few years older when he enters upon the study of his profession, particularly if he has passed through a university, he will probably prefer the freedom and independence of lodgings to any other mode of life.

The cost of a medical student's career depends much upon himself, and the way in which he regulates his personal expenses. The fees for medical education do not vary greatly at the different schools. From ninety to a hundred guineas covers all charges for the necessary lectures, hospital practice, etc., that are required by the examining bodies; and perhaps another £50 ought to be allowed for books, instruments, and fees on passing examinations. Thus £150 spread over three or four years, in addition to the ordinary expenses of living, indicates the

entire outlay that a parent will have to reckon upon, in starting his son as a medical student.

When he has once entered a medical school, the student will find that his curriculum of studies is clearly marked out for him. There is a certain definite order in which the different branches of medical education are taken, and these are accommodated to the examinations that have to be passed. Thus, anatomy, physiology, and chemistry will claim the pupil's attention during his first year. In the second year he will have to follow up his anatomical and physiological studies, and also to attend lectures upon medicine and surgery; while in his third year he will have to enter more fully into these latter subjects, for with them he must make himself thoroughly conversant before he can receive a licence to practise. Besides these subjects that I have enumerated, there are others that must find a place among his studies,—namely, botany, materia medica, pharmacy, and so forth. Each year he will be expected to spend more and more of his time in watching the treatment of the sick, for his reading ought ever to go hand in hand with clinical study and observation. During his first year he will be chiefly occupied in the out-patient department, where the slighter cases are seen. But afterwards, as he becomes better acquainted with the names of diseases, he will be expected

to visit the wards every afternoon. And not only will he be required to attend the physician or surgeon of the day, and to listen to his remarks upon the nature and treatment of the cases which pass before him, but he will be expected himself to undertake the care of some of the patients, subject to the direction of one of the visiting medical officers.

At the present time there are about twenty different bodies in Great Britain who have the power of granting diplomas or degrees in medicine; and some of these bodies, in their anxiety to obtain graduates, have done much harm by offering loop-holes through which ill-qualified men could creep into the profession. But there is every reason to think that these doors of entrance will soon be much reduced in number, and that the few that are allowed to remain will be constrained to adopt a uniform standard of examination. Then probably every student will be examined in the scientific part of his studies in the course of his second year, and in the practice of medicine and surgery in the course of his fourth year. This second examination would constitute him a Bachelor of Medicine, and would entitle him to practise his profession. Then, if he were desirous of attaining a higher standing, he might be encouraged to proceed, after the lapse of a couple of years, to a third

examination, which would make him a Doctor of Medicine. Speaking generally, this is the plan adopted at the present time by the best of the universities, and probably something of this sort will ere long be sanctioned by the Legislature as the one and only way of receiving a qualification to practise the healing art.

The best degrees and diplomas in medicine are those of the universities and of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. Among the universities those of London and Edinburgh are second to none, in the weight which their degrees carry with them, though they have not the *prestige* which belongs to Oxford and Cambridge. Most young men take the diploma of the College of Surgeons in addition to that of one of the universities, or of the College of Physicians. When they are fresh from their studies, it adds very little to their labours to pass a second examination in kindred subjects, and then they are fully qualified for whatever line of practice may open up to them in after life. When the student has finished his career in London, and has successfully passed his examinations, he will be inclined to ask what is to be his next step. I reply, if he can afford it, by all means let him betake himself to the Continent for a year. Two or three centuries ago our young medical men used to go to Italy to complete their education,

but just now more benefit will be derived from a visit to France and Germany. I would recommend any young man who can manage it to spend six months in Paris, and another like period in Berlin or Vienna. Let him enter heartily into the work of the place, attending lectures and hospital practice regularly, and endeavouring not only to get all the medical knowledge that he can, but also to make himself familiar with the language. The medical literature of France and Germany is of high value, and it will be a life-long advantage to him to be able to read French and German fluently. So much is this the case, that, in making some hospital appointments, a preference is given to those who have an acquaintance with Continental languages. And now the important question arises, In what line of practice is a young man to set out? What are the different openings that the medical profession presents, and what advantages will each offer? First, there are the medical departments of the army and navy. Examinations are held periodically for admission into these services, and any one who has the necessary diploma may offer himself. To a young man who has a fancy for the military or naval life, these appointments hold out great attractions. They give him an immediate income; they place him in the society of gentlemen; they

enable him to travel and see foreign countries; and if after a few years he becomes desirous of settling, he can at any time leave the service, or he may even retire with a pension while he is yet in the vigour of life. But, notwithstanding these advantages, 'the services' are not popular, and there is often difficulty in finding a sufficient number of candidates to fill the vacancies.

But if a young man has no fancy for the uniform of an assistant-surgeon, if he prefers the quieter but more arduous labours of civil practice, there are two main lines that lie before him. The one is what is called consulting practice; the other is known as general practice. These two branches of the profession differ from one another very much in the same way that the business of a barrister differs from that of a solicitor, and they are divided by almost as sharp a line of demarcation.

It is only London and the large towns that can support consultants. The great body of medical men scattered throughout the country are general practitioners. The consultant selects one particular line and confines himself to it. He determines to be either a physician or a surgeon; or perhaps he may be contented with a narrower field of study, and gives his whole attention to the diseases of a single organ, as the eye or the ear. But if a physician or surgeon is to be called

in consultation to decide upon the nature of difficult cases, and to direct the treatment which should be followed, he must have a stock of experience in order to give weight and value to his opinion. It is not reasonable to suppose that a young and inexperienced man will be consulted in this way. He must lay up stores of information; he must see a large number of cases; and then he will be able to speak with authority. The young man, therefore, who determines to be a consultant, takes up his abode in London or in one of the large cities; he becomes connected with a hospital, and there he sees a vast amount of practice in the particular line that he has chosen, so that in a few months a larger number of cases of a given kind pass under his observation than the general practitioner sees in as many years. If there is a medical school attached to the hospital, he may hold a lectureship, and while he is teaching others he will be learning himself.

At the same time he has leisure to study medical literature, ancient and modern, and perhaps he may be able, by original investigation and research, to advance our knowledge in the particular department that occupies his attention. Thus, if he is active and diligent, there will be no lack of work for him to do, for the healing art in all its various branches is a limitless field of study.

But at the outset he must not expect much private practice. It may be ten years or more before he finds that his opinion is regularly and constantly required in consultation. At first he must be prepared to live altogether apart from his professional income, and he must be contented to see it grow very slowly. But in due time he will reap his reward, if he faint not. His scientific research will become known, his persevering study will be appreciated; he will find that patients seek his advice in increasing numbers, and then the honours and prizes of the profession will be before him.

A practice of this kind, like the business of a barrister, cannot be bought or sold—cannot be transferred from one to another. It has to be built up by the labours of the individual; it depends upon his personal character and merits. It is his skill and ability which keep it together, and if he dies or retires it falls to pieces immediately. But the general practitioner undertakes the charge of cases of all sorts. Indeed, he is frequently the only medical man in the neighbourhood, so that people would have no one at all to resort to unless he gave them his advice. Thus it happens that he has his eye directed to the entire circle of disease, and he has the advantage of studying the healing art as a whole; but, on the other hand, the demands upon his time and

energies are so incessant, that he has little leisure for reading.

But it is time for us to bring this paper to a close. We have now traced our medical student to the end of his career. When he has taken his degree, and is beginning to consider what is to be the line of his future practice, he is no longer *in statu pupillari.*

A SHORT LIFE WELL SPENT.

'Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice.'

WORDSWORTH.

I HAD been studying medicine for about two years, when I was asked by some friends to make the acquaintance of a fresh-man who had just entered at our school, and to give him such help and encouragement as I could. It is but little that one can generally do under such circumstances. With every desire to be helpful, it is not easy to know how to assist a man who is separated from one by the many lines of demarcation which at all colleges and schools divide the students of one year from those of another. However, I gladly consented to do what I could for H. D——, and arranged that he should come to my rooms the following evening.

When he presented himself, I soon perceived that he was no ordinary fellow, but one whose acquaintance was well worth making. In stature he was rather above the middle height,

his shoulders were broad, his chest was deep, and his figure was well and firmly compacted. Altogether he gave one the impression that, if the occasion required it, he could put forth great strength, though it would probably be with a slow and measured activity. His countenance was open and engaging, his eye clear and stedfast, his expression pure and sweet, and his features firm and well defined. There was a resolution about the mouth, and a force about the square prominent chin, which, coupled with the calm thoughtfulness of the eye, and the frankness of the general expression, would go far to form the outlines of a noble and attractive character. His manner was modest and quiet and gentle, but quite collected, and free from all embarrassment. In conversation he spoke slowly, and in rather a studied and deliberate way, apparently anxious to convey the truth and nothing but the truth, as one might speak before a judge, or in the presence-chamber of a king. When he was animated his face was bright and cheerful, full of benevolence, often melting into a smile, though rarely breaking into a laugh ; but when at rest he wore an expression of gravity and sober-mindedness which not only pervaded his countenance, but also made itself felt throughout his whole demeanour, and gave him an air of thoughtfulness and dignity which is seldom seen in a lad of eighteen.

Before he had entered upon the study of medicine he had already spent some years at school in London, and I had been told that even at that time he had been remarkable for the consistency of his conduct, and the piety of his life.

We spoke of our medical studies, of their peculiar attractions and their special dangers, of the difficulties and temptations that beset a young man's life in the metropolis, of the best way to deal with them, and of a number of other subjects in which we were both interested; and before he left me I invited him to come to my lodgings on Sunday evenings, and join a few of us who were in the habit of spending an hour in studying the Bible together. He gladly accepted my invitation, and promised to come on the following Sunday; and from that time forward, I do not think there was any more regular attender at our little gatherings than H. D——. Whenever they were held he was sure to be present, and to take part in the conversation; not that he said much, for his thoughts did not travel fast, and he was slow of speech; but he followed what was said by others with an intelligent appreciation, and he would often refer us to some passage of Scripture which threw light upon the subject, and helped us to study our texts in the best possible way,—namely, by comparing one

part of the Word of God with another. His knowledge of the Bible was considerable, and it was that priceless sort of knowledge which is learnt at a mother's knee, and which is understood and remembered because it has found an entrance into the heart, and has laid hold of the affections. His remarks, too, were always listened to with attention, for there was a reality and an earnestness about them which gave them weight; and often they would serve to bring us back from some discussion in abstract theology, to the vital questions of personal religion and practical piety and holy living; for he seemed always anxious that our thoughts should revolve consciously round the central figure in the Christian system, and that every scriptural truth should be brought into its proper relation to the cross of Christ. It was of such an one that Dr. Arnold said, 'I would stand hat in hand to that boy.' These little gatherings of ours were begun in the most informal way. Two or three friends agreed to meet together on Sunday evenings at the lodgings of one of the party, to speak of their common hopes, and to encourage one another in their Christian course. And what basis could be so appropriate for such conversation as the Word of God? Accordingly, we determined to go through some book of the Bible, and our choice fell upon one of the Epistles of St. Paul. In this choice

we were guided chiefly by the fact that we had in our scanty libraries one or two commentaries which would help us in reading St. Paul's writings, while we were not equally fortunate in possessing books which bore upon other parts of the Bible.

But we were of the number of those who hold that unless God will vouchsafe to teach us out of His Word we may read it and re-read it to very little purpose, so far as our soul's health is concerned; and so we determined that, before we began our studies, we would pray that as our Saviour opened the Scriptures to the two disciples travelling to Emmaus, so He would give us grace to understand them aright, and to receive them with meekness and pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit. Accordingly, we always began by using the collect for the second Sunday in Advent, or some other similar prayer. Then we took our Bibles and read one chapter straight through, each reading a verse in turn, so as to learn the general scope and tenor of the whole passage. Then we fell back upon the beginning again, and went over it in detail, using the references in our Bibles and the notes in our commentaries to help us towards a right understanding of it. In the company of Conybeare and Howson, of Ellicott, and, Alford, the time passed both pleasantly and profitably.

After we had spent an hour or an hour and a

half in this way, we knelt down and offered a prayer which had been prepared for the occasion, and which was intended to express our own particular wants—our wants as young men living in the great metropolis, our wants as medical students beset with peculiar dangers and temptations. This brought our little meeting to a close, and, as it was now about ten o'clock, our party soon began to break up. Some went home to their lodgings at once, some stayed to chat or read over their favourite hymns, or to enjoy a little sacred music, for one or two of our number played the piano; and when we met at their rooms we used to sing a few hymns together before we parted. I daresay the singing was not very harmonious, but it was a rare pleasure, and did us a great deal of good. We were lonely, hard-worked men, separated from family and kindred, and the hymns we sang carried our thoughts to distant homes and loved faces and familiar voices, and served to strengthen in our minds the claims of affection and of duty. In particular, I doubt not that H. D—— was often reminded of the Suffolk rectory where he had been brought up, and of the circle of brothers and sisters who were wont to gather round the piano on a Sunday evening, while his mother played and led the chant.

All the members of our little society are

scattered now. Two at least, Deane and Streglitz, have already ceased from their labours. Of the rest two or three are abroad, and the remainder are dispersed in various parts of England. But I am sure that from time to time we all look back upon those hours spent in studying the Bible as not only very instructive, but also very enjoyable. They are full of happy memories, and I am persuaded that they will yet bring forth fruit unto life eternal.

Our party was not altogether composed of medical students; one was preparing for holy orders, another for the army; but we were all members of the same college, and we were all united by the common desire to walk in newness of life, and to work while the day lasts. With this view, most of us undertook some religious work on Sundays, and our favourite employment was visiting the sick poor. This was an occupation which fell in well with the line of our studies; and the sights which might have been painful to others made no deep impression upon us, we were so used to them.

When my acquaintance with H. D—— had ripened into friendship, when I saw what manner of man he was, how stedfast, how trustworthy, I asked him to go with me on a Sunday afternoon to a neighbouring workhouse, where I was in the habit of visiting the sick wards. This he gladly

consented to do, and accordingly he went with me two or three times to see the plan that I followed, and then he undertook the charge of a couple of wards that the chaplain put under his care. Here our method was to repeat some of the collects from the evening service, then to read a passage of the Scripture, and to explain it as we best could. After having done this, we would go round the room and say a few kind words to each patient, asking them about their ailments, their occupations, their families, and endeavouring to draw some comfort or instruction for each from the passage which we had just read.

As we went week after week, we soon made acquaintance with the patients, many of whom stayed months and even years in the sick and infirm wards. In this way we spent an hour or so every Sunday afternoon at the workhouse; and many a strange character did we meet, many a heart-rending story did we hear, and many an incident occurred to show us that our visits were valued by the inmates. But if we felt for the sick poor in the workhouses, and if it seemed appropriate for us to visit them, we felt even more for the sick in the hospital where we were carrying on our studies, for we met them every day; their cases were intimately known to us, and they were in some measure under our care: was there nothing that we could do for *them?* They were too

ill to attend the hospital chapel, and the chaplain was too busy on Sunday to hold a separate service in each of the wards. An excellent arrangement had been made, that the theological students of the college should read prayers in the wards, but the number of the students who were able to undertake this work was small, and several of the wards were left altogether unvisited upon Sundays. Could we do anything to supply this want? Might we follow in the path which had been assigned for the theological students, and hold a short service here, such as we were in the habit of holding at the workhouse? We would speak to the chaplain about it, and hear what he said. Accordingly, we did so, and he gladly gave us permission, and assigned us our wards.

One of the theological students, the same who formed one of our little party for the critical study of the Bible, took us under his wing, showed us the plan he followed, and set us going in our new work. H. D—— had been asked to take charge of the men's medical ward, a ward with which his name has ever since been associated. It was a large double ward, a ward composed of two long narrow rooms placed side by side, and connected at each end by an open archway. In it there were some thirty or forty beds. This was, as it were, the parish assigned to H. D——, and here for two years he used to read prayers on the

Sunday evenings. Our plan was to reach the hospital about half past six, at which time the chapel service was held, and then we found the place quiet and the patients ready to receive us. Following the example which had been set us by the theological students, we used first to go round the ward and see that all were provided with prayer-books, that they knew what were the psalms for the day, and that they were prepared to join in the service. Then, taking our stand in a commanding position, so that all could hear, we used to read part of the evening prayers, with the psalms, and the second lesson. H. D—— was in the habit of standing in one of the open archways uniting the two long rooms which together formed the men's medical ward; and here, in his deliberate way, with his deep sonorous voice, he would read the service, the patients taking up the alternate verses of the psalms, and adding their emphatic 'Amen' at the end of the prayers.

When this little service was concluded, we would go round the room and say a few kind words to each of the patients: 'How do you feel this evening, my man?' 'Have you much pain to-night?' 'Are you suffering much from this symptom or that?' for we knew the particulars of each case, and could direct our inquiries accordingly. Or we might perhaps go a step further than this, and quote some verse from the lesson

we had just read, some word of exhortation or of comfort, which might serve to strengthen a weak faith, or to soothe a restless spirit. Sometimes, when the nurse in the ward happened to have a good voice, or when there was any one present who could 'raise the tune,' we would sing one or two hymns, and this was a thing which the patients always enjoyed extremely, and in which they joined very heartily. When we had spent an hour or an hour and half in this way at the hospital, it was time for us to think of turning our steps to the lodgings of our friend, where our little gathering was held for the study of the Scriptures; and so our Sunday drew to a close. It was a busy but a happy day. The forenoon we spent at church, the afternoon was given at the workhouse, and the evening we divided between the hospital and our Bible meeting.

The life of a medical student is a laborious one. He has a great many subjects to study in the short space of three or four years, but his Sundays are almost entirely at his own disposal. I say *almost*, because if he happens to hold any appointment at his hospital he may have to go and see some patient who is urgently ill, and to take notes of his case even on that holy day. But as a general rule he is his own master, and most young men will find that they have time to do some work for God, if only they are disposed to undertake it.

To those who are in the vigour of health, and whose minds are fresh and active, it is a change of employment and not mere idleness that gives rest and refreshment; and I am sure no one will do his week-day work the less well because he spends an hour or two on Sundays in trying to promote the moral and spiritual good of his fellow-men.

In this way time passed, the week-days being spent in our studies in the hospital, and our Sunday employments being carried on as regularly as we could, though they were not unfrequently interrupted by the nature of our professional engagements, by the vacations, and by incidental causes. H. D—— had now been at the college three years, and was well advanced in his medical education. I was at that time living in the hospital as house-surgeon; and one Sunday afternoon, as I was going to the workhouse, I called for my friend as usual. He was not well, confined to his room; but would I go up and see him? Accordingly I went up to the top of the house, where his room was, and there I found him in bed. He appeared only slightly ill, with nothing very definite the matter, so that there was not much that I could do for him. After staying a short time I went on my way; but during my brief visit I had ample opportunity of observing the economy and self-denial in which

he lived. I had not been in his lodgings often before, and when my friend was in high health the Spartan simplicity of his arrangements had not struck me as it now did.

A few days later, when I was going about my duties as house-surgeon, I was startled by being asked, 'Have you heard that D—— has got typhus, and is to be brought into the hospital this evening?' No, I had not heard it, and it gave me a pang to think that an ailment which seemed so slight and trivial two or three days before, had now developed into one so serious. But if it really were so, it was far better that he should be brought into the hospital at once, than that he should be left in his solitary lodging. In the hospital he would have the best and most vigilant attendance, the most skilful nursing, and, if not luxuries, at least everything that was necessary to the treatment of his case. Whereas in lodgings he could hardly have these advantages without considerable inconvenience and expense. But where had he caught the fever? I asked. 'Oh,' replied my informant, 'So-and-so has been down in the country for a fortnight, and D—— has been looking after his cases, and I suppose he caught it from that man who died last week in the men's medical ward.'

So it appeared that D—— had been doing a kind office for a friend when he caught the infec-

tion. At that time there was an epidemic of fever in London, and there were several cases in the hospital; and H. D——, in undertaking to supply the place of one of the 'clinical clerks,' who had gone away for a short holiday, had to watch some of these cases, and record their progress from day to day. Accordingly, the same evening he was brought to the hospital, and placed in the men's medical ward. As soon as he had had time to recover from the fatigue of being moved, I went up to see him, and there I found him lying in the end bed on the left-hand side, in the far corner of the ward. He had been placed here, because, by putting a couple of screens on the near side of his bed, it could be shut off from the rest of the ward, and the patient enabled to have a little privacy. When I went up to him I put out my hand, and as he took it he said, 'Are you not afraid to shake hands with me?' And certainly he was very ill. There could be no doubt about it. A glance told me that he had got the fever in its most virulent form. I stayed with him a few minutes, and then, before I left the ward, I arranged with the nurse that if anything was required for his comfort I would see to it, at any rate until his father, who had been sent for, should arrive.

The next morning I found myself so unwell that I was unable to leave my bed. And my

friends thought—and to say truth, I thought myself—that I had caught the fever. But it was not so; and under the kind care of my colleague, the house physician, I soon began to amend, so much so, that on the third day I was well enough to come down to dinner. We were sitting after dinner, a party of some four or five of us, who were responsible for different departments of the hospital, we were sitting sipping coffee, smoking, chatting, when there came a rap at the door, and the nurse from the men's medical ward presented herself, with a very grave face, and holding a paper in her hand. We knew in a moment what had happened. H. D—— had died—had just died, and the nurse had come, according to custom, to report the fact, and to have his paper —the paper which hung at the head of his bed, and which contained a brief record of his case—filled up with the words, 'Died June 10, 1862.' Strange association of life and death! While we were at dinner in one part of the building, in another our friend was breathing his last.

But it was not merely in the house-surgeon's room that there were heavy hearts that evening. The sad event of the day touched many others besides; and among the officials of the hospital, the servants and nurses, there were not a few who mourned for the loss of the gentle, generous spirit, whose influence had always been used on the side

of what was pure and lovely and of good report, and whose holy life had been a constant rebuke to evil-doers, and an encouragement to all those who were trying to do well.

For many hours before he passed away H. D—— had been insensible; indeed, during the whole time that he was in the hospital, he was in rather a drowsy, torpid state. I have therefore nothing to relate of his death-bed conversation or dying utterances. To a friend who spoke to him on the subject, he expressed very quietly the peace and satisfaction that he had in believing. His father, who had come to him as soon as he heard of the serious nature of his son's illness, was unwearied in his attendance at the hospital, and in his ministrations of love. But, in truth, there was very little that he could do. Medically speaking, the patient's every want was supplied, and he was surrounded by those who were accustomed to nurse the sick, and who had acquired a skill in dealing with such cases which no love could impart. And, religiously speaking, he was in too lethargic a condition for any prolonged devotion. A few verses of the Bible, or a short prayer, were all that he could listen to at a time, and then the drowsiness overcame him, and he relapsed into heavy sleep.

H. D——'s case is far from being a solitary one. It is no uncommon thing for medical students to

fall victims to the diseases which they have to observe in the course of their professional studies. Medical men and nurses sometimes die in the same way, but medical students seem particularly exposed to danger. Perhaps that arises in some measure from their age; perhaps from a predisposition increased by hard work in the unhealthy air of a hospital, or by late hours of study, or by insufficient comforts, or by irregular habits of life. But, whatever the cause may be, the fact remains, and every one who is familiar with the subject can recall instances of young men cut off by an untimely death, encountered in the discharge of their duties in the wards. But why should we regret them? If it is a noble thing to lay down a young life in defence of one's country, is it less noble to perish in trying to relieve the bodily sufferings of one's fellow-creatures?

> 'The proper place for man to die
> Is where he dies for man.'

And if, as in the case of H. D——, an early death assuredly means an early entrance into the safe and sinless state, there is small cause for regret.

On the third evening after his death they bore his body away from the hospital, for it was to be conveyed into the country, and on the following day it was to be laid in a village churchyard; and there, within sight of the rectory where he had

been brought up, and under the shadow of the church where he had loved to worship, he now sleeps the sleep of the saints. Fare thee well, true friend and tender heart,—the modest, the diligent, the self-sacrificing even unto death! We bid thee adieu, we commit thee to God, in sure and certain hope.

It was natural that the college should wish to perpetuate the memory of a student who had been so exemplary, and who had met his death in the discharge of his duties. Accordingly, it was proposed that a subscription should be set on foot for the purpose of erecting a memorial tablet in the chapel. But such was the rapidity with which money was given, that the amount collected far exceeded what would be required for a simple tablet. The students gave small sums, and the professors gave large ones, and the subscription soon amounted to £220, a very considerable sum to be collected in such a way and on such an occasion.

But what was to be done with it? that was the question. It was clearly much too large to spend upon a memorial tablet. In what way, then, could it be employed to the best advantage in carrying out the object for which it was subscribed? Various suggestions were made, and various plans were discussed, but at length it was decided that £200 should be invested for the

benefit of the hospital, to defray in perpetuity the expense of an additional bed, and that the balance should be expended upon two memorial tablets, one to be placed in the college chapel, and the other over the bed which had been endowed in memory of H. D——. And there it stands to this hour. You may see it any time you visit the hospital, a simple brass plate with a brief inscription. It is appropriately placed in the men's medical ward,—the ward where he used to read prayers on Sunday evenings, where he caught the infection of his fatal illness, and where he breathed his last; and by it 'he, being dead, yet speaketh.'

A DAY AMONG OUT-PATIENTS.

IT is well known that there is at all hospitals an out-door and an in-door department. The former is, so to speak, the portal to the latter, and it is chiefly by selection from the out-patients that the wards are filled. The room set apart for their reception is daily crowded with poor people, whose maladies are for the most part slight, and such as can be cured by a few visits to the physician or surgeon; but every here and there is to be found one whose illness is of a graver kind and who requires to be admitted into the house, if it is to be adequately treated. Thus, of course, those who pass through the out-door department are much more numerous than those who are received into the wards. For example, at the London Hospital in 1869, 49,976 attended the out-patients' rooms, while only 4398 were received into the house. At the Middlesex Hospital during the same year, the numbers were as follows: 21,338 out-patients and 2107 in-patients. Thus it would appear that about one sufferer is admitted into the wards for every ten who are treated as

out-patients. It has lately been proposed on high authority that the out-patient work of our hospitals should be developed, and that the number who are taken into the house should be reduced to a minimum. This suggestion has been made, because it has been thought that the mortality in hospitals has been greater than it is among the same class when visited in their own homes. The late Sir James Simpson was the greatest advocate of this doctrine. He set on foot an extensive inquiry, and obtained a large map of statistics, and the conclusion he drew was, that a patient had three times as good a chance of recovery if he were treated at his own house as he would have in a public hospital. This opinion has not been allowed to pass unchallenged, and various considerations have been urged upon the opposite side. Probably the truth is that hospitals have not so great an advantage over the houses of the poor as we might at first suppose; and it is tolerably certain that in some instances the patient had better remain at home. There clings to the very stones and walls of the hospital an infection, which it is almost impossible to get rid of; and in those cases in which the patient is particularly prone to such influences he had better not enter the wards. But it may be doubted whether Sir James Simpson's statistics did not over-estimate the danger. Here, as in

many other circumstances, we must strike a balance, and set off the danger arising from the infected air of a hospital against the many substantial advantages which such an institution affords. These advantages it is hardly necessary to enumerate: the well-warmed and comfortable wards, the ample and suitable diet, the comparative quiet and repose, the skilful nursing, the general care and attention, the first-rate medical advice.

Yet it is probable that Sir James Simpson's inquiries will not be altogether fruitless. If they do not lead to the abolition of large hospitals, it is likely they will tend to modify their construction. The Edinburgh professor contended that all our hospitals should consist either of a group of detached cottages, or else of such thin and slight buildings as might with ease be taken down and re-built every ten or twenty years. This principle has already been carried out in some measure. At one of our largest metropolitan hospitals it is the custom to erect a marquee in the garden for the reception of patients during the summer months; and upon Blackwell's Island, New York, a fever hospital has been established, composed entirely of tents. But in such a damp and variable climate as ours it would be almost impossible to do without a substantial fabric of some kind. The method most in vogue at the

present time is to build in the form of two or more pavilions, *i.e.* in separate blocks which can be isolated, and any one of which could be closed temporarily, without interfering with the working of the rest of the hospital, if it should be deemed necessary that it should undergo a thorough purification after the prevalence of any epidemic. Of this mode of construction the most notable example in this country is the new and magnificent hospital of St. Thomas, now rising on the banks of the Thames. In America the same principle has been carried out upon a yet larger scale, and there are three several hospitals which consist entirely of rows of cottages grouped round a central building, in which are placed the necessary offices and residences. The Mower Hospital, at Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, is composed of fifty such 'pavilions,' and contains accommodation for more than 2000 patients. But we are wandering away from our subject, which is the out-door department. The waiting-rooms are, as we have said, crowded with patients, and one by one they are admitted into the surgeon's room that their cases may be examined. Let us see what manner of persons they are who present themselves, and let us inquire a little into the history of some of them.

For the most part, no doubt, they are just those whom one would expect to find applying for relief

at such an institution. There are among them day-labourers, artisans, and the inferior order of journeymen, with their wives and children. There are the poor needlewomen and the hapless maids-of-all-work. There are, moreover, examples of broken-down gentility, men and women who have seen better days, and who still have a certain air of refinement and superiority about them, but who are in fact more needy and destitute than the labourer or the needlewoman, inasmuch as their former circumstances have unfitted them to bear the privations of poverty. All these may truly be considered fit objects for charitable relief. But the same cannot be said of every one who applies. It not unfrequently happens that we meet with individuals who ought never to have come to a hospital, since they do not belong to the indigent class for whose benefit it is intended. But it is no easy matter to discriminate between those who are and those who are not able to pay for medical attendance, and the physicians and surgeons have not time, even if it were any part of their duty, to enter into the inquiry ; and hence it happens that many persons get relief at our hospitals who are really quite in a position to consult some practitioner living in their own neighbourhood. Every medical man who has had any experience in hospital practice has met with instances of this abuse. We have heard of

a lady leaving her carriage at the corner of the street and taking her place among the out-patients, in order that she might obtain gratuitous advice. One day, when I was myself seeing out-patients, I was witness of a striking example of the same thing. Two men presented themselves, the one a poor, half-starved weaver, who had walked up all the way from Lancashire, the other a well-to-do Leicestershire farmer. I was explaining to the poor weaver that what he wanted most of all was a roof over his head and proper food to eat, and that for these necessaries he had better apply at the workhouse; and I was directing him how to proceed, when the young farmer, turning to him, said in a tone of commiseration, 'Here, my poor man, here is half-a-sovereign for you!' When the weaver had withdrawn, with the gift in his hand, I pointed out to the generous donor that if he were in a position to give away money in that way he was not one of the 'indigent poor' for whom the hospital was intended. To his credit I may add, that he took my remonstrances in good part, and, carrying off with him a list of the surgeons of the hospital, said that hereafter he would apply to one of them at his own house, if he needed further advice. But to put a stop to this evil is, as we have remarked, no easy matter. It is an abuse of our charities, and an injustice to our medical men, which has long

been felt, but the difficulty is to suggest a remedy. Various plans have been tried, but none of them have been found satisfactory. We can only hope that in time good sense and right feeling will keep those persons from applying to a hospital who are well able to pay for medical advice. Perhaps, if it were generally known that in all but a few endowed hospitals the medical men receive no remuneration whatever for their attendance upon the sick poor, many persons who now do not scruple to apply would hesitate before doing so. At most hospitals the physicians and surgeons are required to attend two or three times a week; on each occasion they are occupied seeing patients for two, or it may be three hours, in the busiest time of the day, and yet for all this they receive no fee or payment of any kind. But, after all, and making all necessary deductions for unsuitable applicants, by far the greater number of those who present themselves are fit objects for the exercise of Christian charity.

Of course, in the out-patients' department, as has already been hinted, most of the cases are of a slight or chronic character, and afford but little interest to the surgeon. It would almost appear that patients came by way of a lounge, or to gossip with their friends, or to have a little cheap excitement; and to deal with such cases often taxes the forbearance of the medical man. Pro-

bably, when the poor are better educated, and when the simple rules of health are more generally understood by them, they will know how to manage themselves in slight illness, as the classes above them now do, and will not apply to the hospitals without good cause. But, though the majority of cases may be of a slight or trivial character, there occur now and then some of a very different kind,—cases full of scientific and practical interest, cases, too, which are full of human interest, and which can hardly fail to call forth sympathy when the personal history of the patients becomes known. We are often surprised to discover the manifold risks and dangers to which our working classes are exposed, and still more to observe the courage with which they are encountered; and, when unhappily they meet with some terrible accident, one cannot but admire the patience and calm endurance with which their suffering is borne, especially when we remember that such suffering usually brings with it the stoppage of wages, and all the attendant evils of debt and poverty. I would gladly enlist the interest of the reader in the cause of the suffering poor, for their need is great, and there are few to help them. Perhaps I may be the better able to do this if I give some account of a few of the patients who presented themselves one afternoon. There may not seem to be much that is very

remarkable in the cases themselves, but if we endeavour to place ourselves in the position of the sufferers, and to consider how manifold and how far-reaching are the consequences of their maladies, it will be seen how many opportunities there are for the exercise of human sympathy; and any who will give the subject serious thought will find out many ways in which they will be able materially to assist their poorer brethren. The first to whom I shall call attention is an elderly man, who comes hobbling in upon two crutches. He is an old friend of mine, and greets me with a benevolent smile. Observe him carefully, and I will tell you the particulars of his case. He is a fine specimen of an English 'navvy,' and when he was young he must have been a tall, stalwart fellow. He is now sixty-two years of age, and time has told somewhat upon him; but his mild and gentle manner, and the patience and fortitude which he has displayed throughout a long illness, have always made me feel a peculiar interest in him. His history is this: He was employed, a year ago last November, as a navvy upon the Metropolitan railway at Hammersmith. He was standing between the rails working with a pickaxe, when suddenly he heard a train approaching; he looked up and found it was almost upon him. The afternoon was foggy, and his senses, I daresay, were

not so acute as they had been, so that he had no warning of the approaching danger till it was almost too late to escape from it. What was to be done? There was no time, he thought, to get out of the way, but he had the presence of mind to throw himself on his back, in the hope that the train would pass over him and leave him unhurt. But in this hope he was disappointed. The firebox of the engine struck him on the forehead, inflicting a severe wound, and rolled him over on his side, so that his left foot got under the wheels of the carriages. He was immediately brought to the hospital, and everything was done that could be done in such a case. His progress was slow, but very favourable, and at the end of four months he left the hospital to go to the convalescent institution at Walton. From that time to the present he has gone on improving; and now, thanks to the kindness of a lady friend, he has been supplied with a boot from the Surgical Aid Society, so that you could hardly tell from his appearance which foot it was that had suffered. By and by I hope he may be able to discard his crutches altogether and walk about with the help of a stick.

The next patient who enters is not less interesting, but much less encouraging to the surgeon. If we could cure *his* case we should have solved one of the most difficult problems in surgery, and

robbed one of the most formidable diseases of its sting. He, too, is a fine specimen of a man, though he belongs to quite a different class from the navvy who has just left the room. He is a gardener, and a gardener of a very high order. Like so many others of his trade, he is a Scotchman, and spent his earlier days in Ayrshire. His first acquaintance with flowers was made under the genial influence of the Gulf Stream, and not very far from where Culzean Castle looks forth upon Ailsa Craig. In early manhood he came to England, and until recently he has been in the employment of the Royal Horticultural Society. A year ago he would have scorned the idea of applying to a hospital *in formâ pauperis*, but some months since he was obliged to give up his work; the money he had saved soon melted away, and for the last six weeks he has been glad to come here, and get advice and medicine gratuitously. It is clear, from his careworn, anxious look, and his restless eye, that he has suffered much both in mind and body. He is only forty-two years of age; he has a wife and two little children; he has been employed in the highest department of gardening, and he has been in the receipt of good wages. Life may well have been sweet and enjoyable to him! But alas! its sweetness is gone now. His joy is turned into mourning. He has had to give up his work, his

wages have ceased, his earnings have been spent, and his sufferings increase. What is to become of him? What is to become of his wife and children? When he first came to the hospital we took a very serious view of his case. Since then we have tried two or three different plans of treatment, but without any beneficial effect, and to-day I must tell him that his complaint is a mortal one, that his case is hopeless, and the only thing we can do for him is to mitigate his sufferings.

After him comes a man of yet another type. He is ill-favoured, and has the appearance of a decayed gamekeeper. There is a spice of the sportsman about his blue birds'-eye necktie, his threadbare velveteen jacket, his cord breeches and his worn-out gaiters, but it is evident that, whatever kind of sport he follows, it is not a lucrative trade. The fact is that he is a rat-catcher, and he has applied to the hospital because of an accident that he met with a short time ago. He had caught a cageful of rats, and these he was letting out one by one for a gentleman to shoot at; but unfortunately the gentleman shot him! As he was stretching out his hand to open the door of the cage, the gentleman fired, and part of the charge entered his arm just in front of the elbow. The man was at once brought to the hospital, and as the injury was a severe one, and not altogether free from danger, we kept him in the house till the

wound was healed, and then we made him an out-patient. He now comes to show himself once a week. He has recovered the use of his elbow, and can move it with tolerable ease, but some of the nerves which supply the hand must have been injured by the accident, for he has no power over his fingers; they stick out stiff and straight, reminding one of the wooden hands that are used for stretching gloves. Though his occupation is not one that is held in much esteem, he is a worthy fellow, and takes a sensible view of his case. The gentleman who was the unintentional cause of the injury has been very kind and attentive to him, but I fear he will never regain the full use of his hand and arm. Surgery can do no more for him, but time may bring some amendment.

A little boy next enters the room. You are at once struck with the look of care on so young a face. His brows are knit, his features are pinched, and there is a painful air of depression and anxiety about his whole countenance which it is sad to see in a child. He is only eleven years old, and was just beginning to earn his own livelihood. He was in the habit of going in the morning to a gentleman's house to clean boots and knives, and the servants frequently allowed him to have whatever might happen to be left in the glasses overnight. One day a tumbler was

given him which was supposed to contain a little brandy and water. He took it, and swallowed the contents, but he was immediately aware that it was something very different, for it burned his mouth and throat, and made him violently ill. He ran straight home, but such was the swelling and inflammation that he could scarcely speak when he reached his mother's cottage. For several days he was in a most precarious state, and it seemed doubtful whether he would get over the immediate effects of the accident. However, he rallied, and got a good deal better; so well, indeed, as to be almost able to return to his ordinary mode of life. But the amendment was of short duration, and was speedily followed by the most alarming symptoms. It was soon apparent that some permanent injury had been done to his throat, and that it was becoming a difficult matter for him to swallow food. At first it was only solids that gave him any trouble, but by the time he came to the hospital it was as much as he could do to swallow even a mouthful of water. His mother has brought him to-day to hear what hope there is of his recovery. She has been told that there is nothing before him but starvation, for that the time must soon arrive when he will no longer be able to take enough nourishment to sustain life. She anxiously waits for our opinion. Alas! we can hold out no hope.

It is but too true that a painful death must soon close the little fellow's sufferings. The mother has never been able to ascertain exactly what was the cause of her child's illness, but it seems probable that the tumbler that was given him contained, not brandy and water, as was supposed, but oxalic or some other strong acid which had been used for household purposes.

Of the female patients, the first who enters is a girl upon crutches, and it is evident from her beaming face and pleasant smile that a visit to the hospital is by no means disagreeable to her. And yet she has suffered severely, and will be a cripple for life. The history of her case is this: Her father is employed on the Metropolitan Railway, as a labourer. About nine months ago he was working on a distant part of the line, and his family had a free pass, and were allowed to take him his dinner every day by train. It was his daughter's birthday. She had just completed her fifteenth year, and she was to be the bearer of her father's dinner on the happy occasion. When she reached the station she found a train just on the point of starting, so she laid hold of one of the door handles, with the intention of jumping into the carriage; but this she was unable to do, the train was moving too fast, and she was obliged to run along by the side, still holding

the handle and watching for an opportunity to jump in. But the opportunity never arrived, and when she got to the end of the platform the impetus that she had attained was such that in attempting to jump down to the ground she fell, and her left foot came under the wheels of the hindmost carriage. She was brought to the hospital, and everything that was needful was done for her. For a couple of months she remained in the house, and while she was there became a general favourite. She was always busy,—reading, sewing, crocheting,—and that served to pass the time, and made her cheerful and happy. When she was well enough to leave she went to her grandfather, who was a farmer in Kent, and under his roof she stayed three months. This carried on the recovery, which had been well advanced in the hospital, and now she has returned to her home, and comes occasionally to show herself and to report progress. A gentleman who witnessed the accident, and who helped to bring her to the hospital in the first instance, kindly promised to give her an artificial foot when she was ready for it, and she will soon be well enough to claim the fulfilment of his promise, and there will then be hardly any outward sign of the severe injury she has met with.

I had now been seeing out-patients for more than two hours, and was beginning to be rather tired, for

it is no light work to transfer one's thoughts rapidly from case to case, and to enter thoroughly into the peculiarities of each; but still the waiting-room was not empty, still the stream of applicants continued to advance, and to present themselves one by one at my desk. Here is a poor woman who has come for advice about her eyesight. She advances with a smile, hoping relief may be at hand; but still she is very anxious, for she has some fears that she may become totally blind. And her fears are only too well grounded; her condition is a most unpromising one, and I tell her so. Perhaps I have dashed her hopes too rudely; it might have been better to lead her up gradually to a knowledge of her sad state. Anyhow, I touched the wrong chord, and she burst into tears. Of course I was full of regret at the thought that any abruptness or hastiness on my part had given her unnecessary pain. She was weary with waiting three long hours, and I was weary with working, and when I told her, without any preface or preparation, the whole truth about her eyesight, the shock was too much for her overstrained feelings. As I walked home that day I mused upon her case. I reflected upon the hard, the terribly hard lot of the poor, of which the casual observer knows so little, and upon the consideration with which they ought to be treated when sickness adds to their troubles. It was such

thoughts as these that suggested the following lines :—

Welcome her kindly and tenderly,
  Speak to her softly and low ;
Though her eye looks bright, and her spirit seems light,
  Her heart may be breaking now.

Perhaps she is weary, perhaps she is faint,
  Or thinly and scantily clad ;
Or perhaps the fear of what may be near
  Is making her mournful and sad.

Or it may be some sorer trial still
  Is pressing upon her heart,—
Some loved one may lie, sick and ready to die,
  And that makes the tear-drops start.

Then bear with her tale of sorrow and pain,
  Though her speech be broken and slow ;
Let her sob, let her weep, her grief is so deep
  That her tears they must overflow.

To her story of need give kindly heed,
  With patient thought and care ;
Her friends are few, she depends upon you,
  As she stands in her loneliness there.

The work of her house she has left undone,
  She is so anxious and ill ;
Trembling and weak, she has come to seek
  The help of your knowledge and skill.

Then deal with her gently and lovingly ;
Counsel her wisely and well ;
The good that you do may be known to few,
But the comfort to her—who can tell ?

And grudge not time, or toil, or thought ;
The reward you shall surely see ;
For what you have done to this suffering one
'You have done it,' He 'saith, unto Me.'

Of course the cases which I have just related are only specimens of those which come before us constantly, but it is not always that we learn so much of the personal history of the patients ; for, when many others are waiting for advice, it is impossible to linger over each case, and there is often no necessity for inquiring into more than its medical or surgical features. It would indeed be well if we could learn more about the home life and the family circumstances of our patients. Could we do so, we might no doubt exercise a greater influence on their habits, and might be better able than we now are to secure that the directions we give were really carried out. But for this something more is needed than the personal attendance of the patients once or twice at the hospital. It would be one of the many advantages which would arise if it were possible for the poor to be visited in their own homes, as their richer neighbours are. At most of the provincial hospitals

this is done when occasion requires it, but in London it is not so. Here the home visiting is left almost entirely to the dispensaries and to the medical officers of the poor law service. Almost all the metropolitan hospitals have, however, a 'maternity department,' which undertakes to attend poor women at their own houses; and one or two go further than this, and visit medical and surgical cases generally when there is a necessity for it. Of this kind is the West London Hospital, and I cannot but think the plan it follows is a wise and beneficent one. According to the last report, the number of in-patients during the year 1869 was 264, the number of out-patients, 18,124, while 5608 visits were paid to poor sick people at their own homes by the house-surgeons. Those who superintend this department are careful to limit the home visitation to such as are not well enough to attend the hospital. But if it is evident that a patient would be benefited by residence in the hospital, if the nature of his illness is such as to require it, if his circumstances are so narrow that he cannot otherwise have his necessary wants supplied, or if his surroundings are altogether unfavourable, he is at once admitted as an in-patient.

A glance at the figures I have given will show that but a small number are received into the wards compared with those who are

treated at home, while the great majority of the patients are able to attend the out-door department. And this I believe to be the way in which a hospital can best meet the wants of the sick poor. The tendency of recent statistical inquiry goes to show, as we have already seen, that the mortality is less, at least in some classes of complaints, when patients are treated at their own homes than it is when they are taken into hospital. If this be so, ought we not to try and develope the out-patient department? ought we not to try and make it more like a dispensary?—a place where out-patients are seen, and where arrangements are made for attending them at their own houses; while the wards should be reserved for such cases as could not be properly treated elsewhere. I should not be surprised if public opinion, speaking in the physical, social, and moral interests of the poor, were to force us to adopt some such plan as this, rather than to add to the number of our palatial hospitals. It is on such a system that the poor-law medical service has been arranged, and it is not the fault of the system that it has failed in some measure to meet the requirements of the sick poor. We are sometimes told that the remedy for the crying evils of pauperism is a thorough and cordial understanding between the poor-law and the voluntary charities, so that they should work hand in hand for the

relief of the necessitous poor. And similarly, I believe that in no way could the wants of the sick be so effectually met as by united action between the poor-law medical service and the voluntary and endowed hospitals. If our hospitals, like the dispensaries, could undertake home visiting, if every parish was provided with its trained nurses, and if each and all of these agencies were in alliance with the poor-law medical officers, I believe the effect would be to diminish mortality, to promote the social and moral well-being of the poor, and consequently to decrease pauperism and to lessen the rates.

At present the voluntary hospitals and dispensaries on the one hand, and the poor-law medical service on the other, are doing very much the same work without any concert or arrangement. The class for whose benefit they exist is substantially the same in each case; and if patients of a higher grade find their way to the hospitals, it is only by reason of the abuse to which we have already alluded. Hospitals, dispensaries, and the poor-law medical service have all alike been established, in order that those who are too poor to pay for proper medical advice may receive it as a matter of Christian charity. For the classes who are raised a little above this level in the social scale, there are, as I shall explain presently, other means of obtaining skilful attendance. But

supposing that I am right in the view which I have taken, would it not be better that, instead of acting entirely independently of one another, there should be some organized co-operation among these different agencies? If they were all in alliance with one another, could they not reach the sick poor more effectually? Could they not better guard themselves against imposition? Could they not do their work at less cost? These are questions which it behoves those who have the administration of our poor-law service to consider carefully, for from them, we apprehend, must come any definite proposal for organization. For my own part, I cannot help thinking that some plan might be easily devised to supplement the provision the law makes for the sick poor, by the efforts which human sympathy and benevolence have voluntarily put forth. The poor-law service seems best able to provide for the wants of that large class of the population whose state is one of chronic, I might almost say of hopeless, poverty; while those who are merely in temporary distress, or whose cases require for a time more attention than they can receive in a workhouse infirmary, might look to the hospitals for assistance; and the dispensaries might then be affiliated to the hospitals and help them in undertaking the home visitation.

If now we turn from the lowest class, for whom, in my opinion, the poor-law medical service and the

voluntary hospitals were alike established, and look to the grade immediately above them, it may be asked, How are they to obtain proper attendance during illness? Are they not justified in applying to the hospitals and dispensaries? Are not these institutions carried on in a great measure for their benefit? Is there not a large class who are just above the level of parochial relief, and who are struggling to maintain their independence, and to whom the hospital is intended to hold out a helping hand? True, there is such a class, and they are deserving of all encouragement, but to assist these there is no need of the numerous large hospitals that now exist. The great bulk of the labouring classes, those who are in regular work and receiving regular wages, ought to look for assistance in time of illness to the provident dispensary, and not to the hospital. They should be encouraged to join some such dispensary, or some trustworthy and well-managed sick club, so that, by a small weekly payment while in health, they might secure for themselves and their families requisite medical attendance in time of sickness. If, unhappily, from prolonged illness they are reduced to poverty, or if their malady were of an infectious character, or such as to require an operation, then they might expect the hospital to receive them. But as a rule, and in all slight or ordinary complaints, their recourse should be to the medical man

connected with their sick club. By this means the self-respect and independence of the poor could be maintained, while at the same time the hospitals would no longer be abused, but the services of the medical staff and the contributions of the charitable would be expended only on the really indigent.

It has lately been proposed to extend the principle of the sick club, and to encourage persons of a somewhat higher class to enrol themselves in associations, where, by a small subscription, they would ensure to themselves better medical attendance than they could otherwise afford. The necessity for such medical co-operative societies has become more urgent of late years, in consequence of the improvements which have taken place in the medical profession. The standard of examination has been gradually raised during the last twenty years, which have been years of rapid progress in our knowledge of the physical sciences; the education has become more thorough and more scientific, and consequently more expensive; a higher class of men have been induced to enter the ranks of the profession, and the number of those who could be contented with very small remuneration has diminished. Hence the 'doctor's shop' is less frequently met with, and those who would formerly have had recourse to it are tempted to apply instead to the hospital.

The treatment of the sick poor, the medical

aspect of pauperism, is a question which is forcing itself on the attention of the public at the present time. The aim of this paper has been to bring before the reader a picture of what is going on day by day in all our great hospitals, in order to put him in possession of some of the salient features of the case, so that he may be the better able to enter into the discussions on the subject, and to judge for himself wherein the present system bears hardly upon the medical men, and upon charitable institutions, while it does not by any means confer an unmixed benefit on the poor themselves.

AN HOUR AMONG IN-PATIENTS.

WE have already in a former paper given a sketch of the out-patient department of a London hospital; to-day we propose to speak of the in-patients.

As we have explained, the in-patients are much less numerous than the out-patients, in the proportion of about one to ten; but they are all serious cases which require special and prompt attention. There are very few hospitals, at least in the metropolis, which are able to spare room for chronic maladies. A few of the endowed hospitals may indeed be able to do this, but in most the number of beds is so limited, and the succession of urgent cases so constant, that those who are afflicted with chronic ailments must look elsewhere for assistance; they must either be visited at their own homes, or they must seek admittance at the workhouse infirmary. Not only do the hospitals do the greatest amount of good by thus reserving their beds for acute cases, but it must be remembered that they have also another duty to perform: they have to advance

medical and surgical knowledge, they have to teach medicine and surgery, and it is impossible to give the students anything like a complete training in the comparatively brief space of three or four years, unless there is constantly passing through the wards a rapid succession of acute cases which can be made available for purposes of instruction. Hence it happens that at most hospitals every bed is occupied by a patient who, for some reason or another, could not be adequately treated elsewhere. One is dangerously ill, another has met with a severe accident, a third is about to undergo an operation, a fourth needs the most careful nursing, a fifth requires a regulated diet, and so on. It is curious to reflect that in many hospitals there is a population as large as that of an agricultural village, by far the greater number of whom are seriously ill. Of this little community all the members are more or less concerned with disease. Sickness may almost be said to be their business. It is the subject round which all the thoughts and energies of the place are grouped. For its relief the committee provide, the medical men labour, the nurses watch night and day; it calls forth the prayers of the chaplain, it excites the hopes and fears of the patients. What a contrast there is between such a community and most villages and towns! What a contrast there is between it and a bright smiling

village, with its rosy children and sturdy ploughmen! What a contrast there is between it and the busy town, where the pursuit of commerce is the absorbing topic! What a contrast between it and the gay and magnificent capital, where wealth and fashion are the ruling powers! How different it is with the inmates of the hospital! Their health is in jeopardy, their joy is turned into mourning, their trafficking is all in abeyance. Poverty has taken the place of competence, and fashion has been set aside by stern necessity. We are here brought face to face with one of the primary needs of our nature, the need of health, without which life is but weariness and sorrow; and it is to the search after health that hospitals owe their origin and that all their energies are directed. It seems to me strange that there should be so much difficulty in obtaining the necessary support for these institutions. There are scarcely any who do not know from sad experience, either in their own persons or in their families, the many wants that sickness brings in its train; and a moment's reflection must make it apparent that those wants are just as much felt by their poor neighbours, whose circumstances prevent any possibility of supplying them. Human sympathy alone, then, should lead to efforts for their relief. But in a Christian country like this, a higher motive than sympathy ought to

prevail, for the care of the sick poor is a duty so clearly enjoined, that one would think all would be ready to acknowledge it. There is only one other duty which seems to me to be of greater importance, and that is the instruction of the ignorant poor. He who said, 'Go, teach all nations,' said also with commendation, 'I was sick, and ye visited Me.' If this be so, ought not every one to support both the schools and the hospitals in his immediate neighbourhood, as God hath prospered him? Were this done systematically, we should not hear on all sides the complaint that funds are urgently needed. And thus many who are not able to assist the poor by personal service and ministration, would yet be acting in the spirit which called forth the Saviour's words of approval. It is true that all who contribute to the rates help to support the poor-law medical service; but however right it may be for the country to make provision for its sick poor, the payment of a tax, enforced by penalties, cannot surely be considered as fulfilling the requirements of Christian charity. No one can desire more than I do to see the poor-law medical service developed, and the hands of the poor-law surgeons strengthened; but if everything were done that one could wish, there would still remain a large class whose wants could only be supplied by voluntary efforts. It is true that some few

hospitals, both in London and in the provinces, are amply endowed, and are able to do everything that is needful for their patients without making any appeal to the public. But these monuments of the liberality of our forefathers are few in number. The greater part of our hospitals are dependent upon voluntary contributions, and perhaps it is well that it should be so. We would hardly wish it otherwise; for when an institution has to look for support to those living around it, it is obliged to keep pace with the scientific progress of the day, to maintain a high standard of efficiency, and to guard against any abuses that might creep into its administration. If, therefore, every one were to make a point of subscribing according to his means to the nearest hospital, and if, besides this, he were to pay it an occasional visit, and inquire into its working, he would exercise a salutary influence upon the managers, a more general interest would be aroused, and we should hear much less than we now do of urgent appeals for help. But this by the way. It is not our business to plead for the voluntary hospitals. We were speaking of the in-patients' department, and the severe cases which are received into it. Let us walk through these wards and observe the arrangements, and take a glance at the invalids, and then we shall be better able to understand the life which is led here.

We enter first the men's part of the house: the women are on the other side of the central staircase. On the ground floor is the accident ward; let us turn into it. It is a long room with windows on each side, and it contains some eighteen or twenty beds ranged at equal distances along the wall. The small iron bedsteads, with snow-white coverlets, are a picture of cleanliness and comfort, but there are no curtains which might harbour infection, and prevent the free circulation of air. The tables are decked with ferns and flowers; the fireplaces are brilliant with encaustic tiles; upon the walls are hung a few engravings and chromo-lithographs, and over the mantelpiece and in other convenient situations are scrolls with appropriate texts. As the sun streams into the room this fine forenoon, everything looks so bright and cheerful, it seems as if it would be almost a pleasure to be ill. The lady in the simple white cap and grey dress trimmed with blue is in charge of the ward. At this moment she is engaged in writing a letter for one of the patients. Her duty is to take a general superintendence of the ward, and to assist, to cheer, to comfort the patients in any way that she can. She does not do any of the heavy part of the work. That is left to the nurse and the probationer-nurse, who act under her orders, and who are better suited for it than she would be.

This particular lady has had a great deal of experience in hospitals, especially in surgical hospitals. She is one of those who went out to the Crimea with Miss Nightingale, and ever since her return she has given us her valuable services. She is admirably suited for her self-imposed duties, and her bright smile, her ready sympathy, and her sound judgment, have made her a favourite with the patients, the nurses, and the hospital staff. Under her orders is the nurse, an active woman of middle age, who has been regularly trained to her duties, and understands them thoroughly. She wears a neat uniform, a light checked print dress, a long white apron, and a simple net cap. Under her again is the probationer, a young woman who has lately entered the service of the hospital, and who is making trial of the work, to see whether she likes it, or whether she has strength for it. Both these women are at this moment busy in carrying out the instructions which the house-surgeon left when he made his morning round, and in getting everything ready for the patients' dinner, and for the visit of the principal surgeon, which will follow soon after. The ward is quite full, and the patients themselves present a variety of aspects. Some three or four are seated by the fireside. A boy of about twelve years of age is hobbling about upon crutches. A few are sitting up in

bed reading the newspapers or the books that have been lent to them from the hospital library. The old man with the bronzed face, the scarlet nightcap and the blue striped shirt, by whose bedside the lady is now sitting, is a stevedore, and it is a business letter that he is dictating. His occupation was to superintend the lading of merchant ships, and his appearance at once suggests the idea that he has lived among sea-faring people. A few are lying flat on their backs, condemned to spend a month or more in the recumbent posture. One of these, a lad of about seventeen, is quietly knitting. To look at him now you would never imagine that a short time ago he was a wild city Arab. But pain and suffering have tamed him. For many weary months he has lain on that little iron bed. The lady-superintendent has treated him with the greatest kindness. She has taught him to read and to work, and now he is one of the best behaved and most tractable patients in the ward. There are, however, none who seem to be either very dangerously ill or in very severe pain, and a general air of quiet cheerfulness pervades the room. But if the aspect which the accident ward presents this morning is bright and happy, it must not be supposed that such is always the case. The present inmates are a particularly quiet and orderly set; but sometimes we have to

deal with very rough and troublesome characters, and it occasionally happens, for example, when there has been a railway accident in the neighbourhood, that the ward is filled with the most painful and anxious cases. I think some of the most harrowing scenes I have ever witnessed, some of the most distressing cases I have ever known, have been in this ward. Let me detail a few of them, not as examples of the generality of patients,—God forbid!—but as instances of the misspent lives, the lost opportunities, the squandered talents, which I have met with in the course of my medical experience.

I think the most horrible scene I ever witnessed was this: A publican had been brought into the hospital with his leg badly broken. He had been drinking hard for a length of time, and for several weeks he had been on the verge of an attack of delirium tremens. While he was in this state, he was one day attempting to get out of a window, which was some few feet above the ground, when he fell and broke his leg in the manner that I have just mentioned. He was brought to the hospital, and everything was done for him that such a severe case demanded. But there was no inducing him to keep himself quiet. The more he was advised to lie still, the more he tossed about. It was in vain that we endeavoured to *set* his leg. He kicked off all the apparatus

that we applied, and showed the most extraordinary callousness and insensibility to pain in the way that he threw himself about. We tried every means to quiet him, but all to no purpose. Neither medicine, nor argument, nor persuasion appeared to have any effect upon him. He sat up in bed, gesticulating, scolding, swearing. Indeed, it seemed as if he went out of his way to invent new oaths, for anything more fearful than the use which he made of that holy Name, 'which is above every name,' it is impossible to imagine. While he was going on in this way, I was standing at his bedside, vainly endeavouring to calm him, when suddenly, without a single premonitory symptom, he fell back on his pillow and died. I do not think one could have counted ten between the time the most awful imprecations were rising from his lips and the moment when he lay before me a lifeless corpse; so fearfully sudden was the summons which called him into eternity!

The next scene I shall describe is scarcely less mournful. Who is that ill-favoured looking man lying there, with a policeman sitting on each side of his bed? His heavy face, and low, narrow forehead indicated a degraded type of human nature. He must surely belong to the brutalized class of the community. And so it is. He is, in truth, a murderer. A fortnight ago, on a Saturday evening, when they were probably both

intoxicated, he cut his wife's throat, and then attempted to cut his own. But the wound which he inflicted upon himself was not fatal; it merely disabled him. The police took him in charge, and brought him to the hospital, and there he now lies, propped up with pillows. This man remained in the hospital about six weeks, strictly watched and guarded by the police by night as well as by day. At the end of that time, the wound in his neck being healed, he was removed to Newgate, there to await his trial, and in less than three months he was executed. Such was the miserable end of a patient whom we tended anxiously from day to day. It was our simple duty to cure him, and that as speedily as possible, just as it was the duty of others to bring him to trial, and to see the extreme penalty of the law carried out.

Another strange and sad story I recollect of a young man who once occupied a bed in this ward. He was a Welshman by birth, and when he was at the national school of his native village his unusual ability gave him a distinguished position among his companions, and brought him under the notice of the rich people of the neighbourhood. They were proud of his talents, and determined to give them full scope. Accordingly, they arranged to carry on his education at a grammar school, and in due time

to send him to Cambridge. When he reached the university he was well able to hold his own even among men who had greater advantages, and at his final examination he took a high place in the classical tripos, and subsequently obtained other distinctions. He then came up to town, entered himself at one of the Inns of Court, and began to study law. But the temptations of London were too great for him. In Cambridge he was a man of some mark; in London he was nothing. In Cambridge he was working under the eye of his tutor, and of others who took an interest in him; in London he was lost in the vast crowd. In Cambridge the honours he sought might be gained in two or three years; but the prizes of the legal profession could only be won after a long course of labour. He had not strength of principle to resist temptation; he fell into dissipated habits, and became the victim of strong drink. In no very long time he began to suffer from delirium tremens; and it was for an attack of this kind, coupled with a slight accident, that he had been admitted into the hospital at the date of which I am speaking. When he was recovering from his illness, he one day gave me a paper, which he begged me to read at my leisure. It proved to be the narrative of his past life, written in the most graceful and classical Latin, and containing many touching expressions

of regret. During the time that he remained in the hospital a good deal of sympathy was awakened in his favour, and a subscription was opened by the medical students for his benefit. The chaplain undertook to write to several of those who had known him in his better days at Cambridge, to tell them of his sad plight, and to solicit their assistance in the effort that was being made to give him a fresh start. In this way a considerable sum of money was collected, and it was determined that it should remain in the hands of the chaplain, and that he should give the patient a weekly allowance so long as it lasted. But alas! our charitable endeavours were of little avail. One evening, a few days after he had left the hospital, the poor Welsh scholar came back furiously drunk, and accompanied by two or three of his dissipated companions. In this state he made his way into the chaplain's room, and threatened his life unless he gave him there and then the whole of the money that had been subscribed for his benefit. Other kind exertions that were made to put a little literary work in his hands turned out equally ill; and I fear it happened to him according to the old proverb, 'The dog is returned to his vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.' I never heard of him afterwards, but I should think his intemperate habits must long

since have put an end to his promising career.

In the foregoing cases the misery and crime owed its origin to strong drink. But, terrible as is the sin of drunkenness, and fearful as are its consequences, there are other vices which lead to results almost as degrading. I remember a man who, by self-indulgence of another kind, had brought himself into a condition nearly as deplorable as the one I have just mentioned. He too occupied a bed in this ward. Let me try and set before you the main features of his history. He was a repulsive-looking man, with a bloated, unhealthy aspect; his hair was unkempt, his eye was heavy and languid, his mouth was weak and sensual; and if you had spoken to him you would have found that he was a prey to the most profound melancholy and despair. His past life he viewed with shame and regret; the present was irksome and intolerable to him; and he had no hope in the future. In a word, he was a hypochondriac, who was a burden to himself and a trial to every one about him. But what, you may ask, had brought him into this wretched condition? Were his circumstances very distressing? Had he been particularly unfortunate in business? Had he had very bad health? Not at all. He had not had more to bear either in body or in mind than the majority of his fellows, and not

nearly so much as many of them ; but he had reduced himself to this miserable state by opium-eating. He was only about forty-five years of age, but if you had judged by his appearance, you would have thought that he was ten years older. He was a plumber and glazier by trade, and, notwithstanding his evil habits, he had managed to get enough work to keep him. If only he had continued steady, he might have done very well in his business, for he was an excellent workman. But about five years before the time he came under my notice, in consequence of an attack of the colic, he began to take laudanum ; and, though his illness was of short duration, and the necessity for the drug soon ceased, he has gone on taking it ever since. What he took in the first instance to allay pain, subsequently became a pleasant indulgence, and he gradually went on from less to more until he could not pass a day without two or three large doses. In fact, he became a regular dram-drinker, but the drams that he drank were of the juice of the poppy. As it always happens in such cases, his appetite failed, he became disinclined for exertion, and he could not sleep except under the influence of his favourite drug. Lately the lethargy and indolence had grown upon him so much that he spent most of his time indoors, only creeping out after night-fall to take a short stroll. In one of these evening

walks he stumbled, fell, and broke his thigh bone. It was on account of this accident that he was brought to the hospital. A more troublesome, discontented fellow it would be difficult to find. In order to give the broken bone a fair chance of uniting, it was necessary that he should lie tolerably still, but nothing would induce him to do so. Large doses of opium were given him, but they produced no effect; they did not even give him the brief intervals of dreamy happiness which his own indulgence had afforded him; and there remained only the horrible depression, the ghastly visions, the deep despair, the querulous discontent, and the insuperable lassitude of the confirmed opium-eater. It was with great difficulty that he could be kept sufficiently quiet, but his sighs and groans, his complaints, and his irritable temper, made him a nuisance to all the other patients in the ward, while the nurses who attended him had their forbearance sorely tried.

I remember once when I came into this room. I was surprised to see a young man sitting up in bed and showing signs of great distress. He was clasping his hands, wringing them, pressing them to his head; then he threw himself down and hid his face in the pillow, and anon he sat up as before, uttering suppressed cries and groans, while the tears ran down his cheeks. I knew that his illness, though a very serious one, was not attended

by much suffering, and I could not understand a degree of emotion which seemed to indicate a paroxysm of the most violent pain. But the mystery was soon explained. The lady-superintendent told me that the surgeon had just been making his round, that he took a very serious view of the young man's case, and that he had given him a hint of the danger he was in. The thought of death had never entered his mind; he was horror-struck; and when he asked himself if he were prepared to die, the answer was the burst of mental agony which I now witnessed. I approached his bed-side, and tried, as best I could, to calm him. He had been a waiter, he told me, at a small restaurant. He had had to work early and late in an atmosphere that was very unfavourable to morality and religion, and he had so far imitated the reckless, dissipated habits of those around him, that, when sickness overtook him, it found him physically unable to resist its attack. What could I say to comfort him in his trouble? I could only point him to that Saviour who came to seek the lost; I could only repeat, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;' these and similar words of Scripture appeared to have a soothing effect upon him, and he became calmer. After this I saw him several times, and it seemed as if the agony he had passed through had made a permanent and beneficial impression upon

him. His case progressed more favourably than had been expected, and he soon began to amend. At the end of three or four weeks he left the hospital, and returned to his former occupation. Whether he was able to resist its temptations, to 'keep himself unspotted from the world,' and to carry out the good intentions he had formed during his illness, I never had an opportunity of learning.

This incident was doubly interesting, because one so rarely sees any apparent anxiety about spiritual things. Far be it from me to say that such anxiety may not exist where the eye of man cannot discern it, still it is a fact that indifference upon religious subjects is the prevailing tone of mind even among those who are dangerously ill. In the course of my experience I have met with a few who were openly hostile to Christianity, and a few who had a faith 'sublimed to ecstasy,' but, as I have said, the majority of patients showed little or no interest in the things which belong to their eternal welfare. It seems the more important to notice this, because it is so often said that it will be time enough to think about religion when sickness overtakes us; and it is well that we should be reminded that sickness does not make such thoughts more easy, but rather that the pain and suffering which accompany it preoccupy the mind, and unfit it for serious reflec-

tion. It is a remark of Thomas à Kempis, that there are few whom pilgrimage benefits, as there are few whom sickness really improves; and Dr. Arnold says that it is sad to observe how much suffering there is in the world, and how little of it seems to exert a salutary influence.

The histories which I have related above may appear to be exaggerated, but they are truthful sketches from life, and I might add many others of a like kind. The experience of every medical man would supply narratives almost as thrilling as those contained in *The Diary of a Late Physician.* But such cases do not form the generality of those with which we have to deal; the vast majority of our patients are quiet, respectable people, who have been overtaken by sickness through no fault of their own. This leads me to speak of the mode of admission into hospitals. How are the patients selected? How have all these poor people found their way here? How comes it that such different characters are brought together under one roof? It has become a proverb that 'adversity makes strange bedfellows,' and these are all in adversity. Some have met with accidents, and have been brought by their friends, or by the police; some have applied to the out-patient department, the doors of which are open to all, and have been admitted by the assistant-surgeons; some have brought letters of

recommendation from governors or subscribers. It not unfrequently happens that persons received in this latter way are not fit subjects for a hospital at all, and ought never to have been allowed to occupy beds which might be wanted for more urgent cases. But what are the authorities to do? Unless they grant their supporters some privileges their subscription lists will fall off, and these privileges are sure sometimes to be abused. Thus a governor will send in his servant for some chronic ailment, and insist upon his being kept for the full term to which his recommendation entitles him. Or another will give an order of admission to the first applicant, without inquiring into the worthiness of the recipient, or the suitableness of the case. I knew an instance in which an old man used at the commencement of every winter to get a letter from an influential governor, and spend three months in a county hospital. As he was an 'old soldier,' and knew how to make himself comfortable, his time used to pass pleasantly enough. I have no doubt that in this case the recommendation was given in ignorance; but it would be well if those who have no personal acquaintance with the wants of the poor were to give their letters to the clergyman of the parish, or to some charitable society, to be distributed where there is a real necessity. Those who subscribe to hospitals should do so from

motives of real benevolence, and should be careful to bestow their letters with discrimination, and of course they ought not to use them to save their own pockets. The man who subscribes a guinea, and then sends his servant into the hospital for a couple of months, has made a good bargain, and cannot be said to have done a very charitable act. His subscription to the hospital was supposed to be for the benefit of the poor and needy, and the members of his household can hardly be said to belong to that class. Perhaps hospitals would be less frequently subjected to this abuse, if it were generally known that there are some institutions which, like the *Maisons de Santé* in Paris, receive patients who are in better circumstances on payment of a small sum weekly. The payment in these cases varies from six or eight shillings to a guinea, and for this the patient is not only boarded and lodged, but receives also the best medical attendance and nursing. We are well aware that many circumstances may arise in which it becomes necessary on account of illness to send away servants as speedily as possible, and it is a convenient thing to have a public institution at hand to which they may be conveyed. But the duty of their employer towards them does not cease because they are ill. He is still surely bound to care for them, and may well be content to pay a small sum for their maintenance during

sickness, remembering how much their services, while in health, have contributed to his comfort. If they were ill under his roof he would provide for them, and why should he not do the same when they have to be sent elsewhere?

Hitherto we have spoken only of a single ward, and the cases we have detailed occurred in it; but it must be remembered that this forms only a small part of the hospital. Besides the accident ward, there are several other rooms reserved for men, and there is a whole department of equal extent for women. The ward we have visited does not contain a tenth part of the in-patients.

In some hospitals there are special apartments for children, but this is not the case in all. Here they are distributed in the women's wards. This seems the better plan, for their bright smiles and playful ways have a cheering effect upon the other patients; their kindly feelings are called forth, and they are led for a while to forget their own sufferings. The object of this paper has been to draw attention to our hospitals, and to give some information respecting their internal arrangements, and the class of persons who frequent them, in the hope that it may help to awaken an interest in them. They have been too long left to themselves. Few have cared for them, and as a natural consequence many of them have fallen below the standard which they

ought to maintain. But happily this state of things is fast passing away. The apathy of the public is changing into sympathy, and medical men find to their joy that their efforts after an improved management, a superior system of nursing, and a better classification of patients, now meet with an encouraging response. This is not merely a doctor's question, it is a question for all. It is a matter of no small importance to society at large that hospitals should be as efficient as possible, in order that the wasting effects of sickness may be reduced to a minimum, and that when the labouring man or the artisan is ill, the best skill and the most prompt attention may be brought to bear upon his recovery. The sickness of her members is the weakness of the state, and the death of her members is the loss of the state, and a well-organized system of medical relief for those who are too poor to provide it for themselves is no small element in the strength and the prosperity of the country.

A SURGICAL OPERATION.

A SKETCH IN HOSPITAL.

A SURGICAL operation is viewed very differently by the patient and the surgeon. To the patient it is a source of anxiety and dread. Though it holds out the hope of ultimate benefit, though in many cases it is the only thing which can prolong or save life, still the sufferer knows well that in order to obtain these advantages he must incur a certain risk, and undergo more or less pain. It is true that chloroform has done much to remove the immediate pain of the knife, but it is a question whether it has diminished the risk; while it must be admitted that it has introduced a fresh, though a very slight element of danger, namely, the inhalation of the narcotic vapour itself. All this is well known to the public, and hence it happens that the very word *operation* fills the patient with alarm. But with the surgeon it is otherwise. He has for months, or perhaps for years, been combating the disease with every remedy that science or experience could suggest,

but without success. His efforts have at the best only served to retard the progress of the malady, and he has had the disappointment of seeing his patient getting gradually worse. The disease, like an insidious enemy, has always escaped his grasp, and has even contrived to make head against him; until at length—encouraged, as it were, by a successful resistance—the foe has become bolder and more aggressive. After having contented himself for a length of time with acting on the defensive and securing a firm footing, he has now begun to sally forth. He has left his hiding-place among the hills, and has descended into the plain. The tedious manœuvring, the marching and countermarching, is at an end. The time has come for striking a great blow, and to-morrow the battle is to take place. Is it wonderful, then, that the surgeon, who has, as it were, to plan the attack, and lead the assault himself, should feel something of the excitement which the soldier feels on going into action? Is it wonderful that a crisis which brings with it so much responsibility, which requires the exercise of so many great qualities, and which gives the surgeon so much scope for distinguishing himself, should be regarded with no small professional interest?

But the patient looks at the operation from a very different point of view. To him it is a

subject of interest, but interest of a most painful kind; and, notwithstanding all the alleviations that modern science has introduced, he anticipates the event with anxiety and alarm. So far as he himself is concerned, he would gladly accept the prospect of present ease and future recovery which an operation holds out; but it may be that there are others whose fortunes are so closely linked with his own that they rise and fall together. It may be that he has a wife and children who are dependent upon him, and he cannot help asking himself what is likely to be their future position. How will they be affected by the issue of the operation? Shall he ever be restored to them? Shall he once more have the happiness of earning their bread by the labour of his head or of his hands? It is uncertain; for between him and the land of his hopes there is a sea to cross, and the waters may be stormy and rough. His frail bark may have to encounter many dangers; it may be tossed upon the waves, or swept away by the tide, and dashed against the rocks. But in the navigation of that sea the surgeon is in his element. If it should prove to be a calm, and the voyage is prosperous, he is well pleased; but if the billows rise his skill is called forth, and there is the more interest and excitement in managing the vessel.

It was soon after I began to study medicine

that Robert A—— was admitted into the hospital. He had been working as a navvy on one of the new lines of railway near London, and had met with a severe injury to his right knee. After trying all the remedies that he could think of, and a great many more that were suggested to him, and after exhausting all his savings, he was at length obliged to seek admission into one of the metropolitan hospitals. He was twenty-three years of age, tall and well built, with broad shoulders and a deep chest. His countenance was open and pleasant, with a large clear eye and a winning smile. When he came to us he had already been laid up some weeks, and had suffered intense pain in his knee. These things had not been without their effect upon him. His face was pale and thin ; his expression grave and thoughtful ; his hands soft and white, and his fingers so delicate that one would hardly suppose they had been accustomed to handle the spade and pickaxe. He was obliged to keep his bed constantly,—in itself a very trying thing for a man who had been in the habit of living a great deal in the open air. He could not move without causing severe pain in his knee ; he had to lie always in one position ; and, as he was no scholar, he was cut off from many of the resources by which invalids beguile their time. The scrap-books which had been sent to the hospital for the

use of the children were his delight, and from them he derived no little entertainment. The chaplain gave him such simple religious instruction as he was able to receive, while the excellent lady who presided in the ward was never tired of reading to him; and the nurse took good care to have some bandages for him to roll up, or some other light employment to occupy his hands when he was disposed for it.

In this way weeks passed, but no improvement took place. On the contrary, the symptoms slowly and gradually increased. The patient was evidently losing ground; his strength was giving way under the protracted confinement, his face was getting thinner, his cheek-bones becoming more prominent, and his eyes more deeply sunk, while the pain was growing more intense, and the condition of the knee more hopeless.

What was to be done? The present treatment was clearly inadequate. Here was a fine young fellow sinking into the grave, notwithstanding the efforts which were being made to save him. Could surgery do nothing more? Was there no hope left? Was there nothing now to be done but to smooth the pathway of death? These questions were anxiously asked by his surgeon, and by many others connected with the hospital, who took an interest in the brave, patient, gentle sufferer. At length, after long observation and

the most careful inquiry, it was agreed that nothing could save his life or give him a chance of recovery but an operation. When this was communicated to him, he readily consented to undergo whatever was thought best for him; and he left himself with perfect confidence in the hands of those from whom he had already received so much kind attention.

People sometimes talk as if surgery consisted almost entirely in large operations,—in amputations and the like. There cannot be a greater mistake. It is the boast of modern surgery that it is 'conservative,'—that is to say, that no part of the body, however small, is to be removed, except under absolute necessity. To take away the disease, while we preserve the limb, is the perfection of surgical skill; and this is the direction in which all our efforts have tended of late years, and that with no small success. Many years ago, that great surgeon and anatomist, John Hunter, said, speaking of operations, 'This part of surgery is a reflection on the healing art; it is a tacit acknowledgment of the insufficiency of surgery; it is like an armed savage who attempts to get that by force which a civilised man would get by stratagem.' This principle which Hunter laid down, and which he himself helped, in a notable degree, to carry out, has been followed up with great success since his time. Many cases

which were invariably submitted to operation at the close of the last century, are now cured—and effectually cured—without the use of the knife, without the loss of a single drop of blood, and with little or no pain. It is often said that our means of distinguishing and discriminating diseases has made much more progress during the last half-century than our means of curing them. This remark is very true, I believe, of *medicine*, but it does not hold equally good of *surgery*. On the contrary, in that department of the healing art there can, I think, be very little doubt that we have made fully as much progress in treatment as in diagnosis.

But to return to our story. On the morrow, a goodly number of young men—some two hundred—were assembled to witness the operations; for Robert A——'s case was only one of several that were to be treated at that time. It is the custom at our large hospitals to perform operations, as far as possible, upon a stated and regular day; and a very wise and beneficial custom it is: for it is for the interests of science that operations should be performed in public; and it is for the interests of the pupils that they should have an opportunity of seeing what is done; and it is for the interest of the patient himself that he may have, if need be, the benefit of a consultation at the time when all the surgeons are assembled together. These im-

portant objects can in no way be obtained so conveniently as by having a stated day in the week for the operations, and throwing the theatre open to all. No doubt the publicity is very trying and painful to many patients, and adds to the anxiety with which they look forward to the occasion ; but after all this is a small price to pay for the substantial advantages which a hospital affords.

On the occasion to which we allude there was an unusual number of spectators, and the tiers of benches which curved round the theatre were crowded with medical students, an earnest, hard-working set. But there was no loud talking or laughing, only a murmur of conversation. It would seem that the dangerous operations which were performed here from week to week had left a permanent impression behind them, which showed itself in the quiet and subdued tone that pervaded the place. If you were to judge of the students by what you here see, I think you could hardly fail to be favourably impressed by their orderly conduct, and by the keen interest which they take in their professional studies. It has been the custom to speak of them in disparaging terms, as if they were worse than other students. Whether this was the case fifty years ago or not I am unable to say ; probably an improvement has taken place during the last half-century. But at present I believe

it would not be easy to find a steadier, a kinder, a more diligent set of young men among the *alumni* of any profession.

It is true there are black sheep among them, but what society is free from these? Where will you find a body of 1200 or 1500 young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two, which does not include some *mauvais sujets?* Medical students are for the most part comparatively poor men. They have not such large allowances as the undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge, and it is possible that their vices take a lower form than those which prevail at the 'old universities.' But are they on that account worse in the sight of God? I trow not. While, on the other hand, the great mass of medical students are steady, hard-working fellows who take an earnest and serious view of life. They cannot afford to trifle. Their path is clear before them, and they must push on as fast as they can. Most of them know full well that at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two they will have to enter on the practice of an anxious and arduous profession, by which they must earn their bread; and they are well aware that their future success depends, in a great degree, upon the use which they make of the three or four years that they spend in London.

They have no time to waste. With a great variety of subjects to study,—with the day mapped

out for lectures, hospital practice, etc., from nine in the morning till six in the afternoon, and with work to prepare in the evening besides,—what leisure have they to be idle? And the only holidays that they are able to take are few and far between. For, although there are regular vacations, during which the lectures are suspended, yet the ordinary business of the hospital goes on just the same all the year round. There is no gap in the long line of invalids who are constantly seeking admission to the wards; there is no abatement in the numbers that daily crowd the out-door department. And as the students are employed in looking after the patients, subject to the orders of the physicians and surgeons, it not unfrequently happens that their long vacation dwindles down to a fortnight.

Some writers have done a great deal of harm by representing only the worst types of medical students. It is true they have not intended to injure any one. Their only object has been to amuse their readers, but we cannot help regretting that they should have done it at the expense of an honourable profession. Could they not have found some example of modest worth, of unassuming industry, of youthful heroism and self-sacrifice, instead of the coarse, vulgar, sensual characters that they have sketched? Why should we collect and preserve the scum which floats on the surface

when there is so much pure, rich metal beneath? And even with regard to the black sheep there is great allowance to be made, and you must not judge them harshly or hastily. Remember that, under the present system of medical education, they often come up to London at the early age of sixteen,—that they are separated, perhaps for the first time in their lives, from home with its ties of affection and of duty,—that, young, inexperienced, and alone, they are exposed to all the temptations of this great metropolis—temptations which are heightened and influenced by the peculiar nature of their studies. Is it wonderful, then, that some yield to these temptations? Is it wonderful that some go astray? Is it wonderful that some fall into great and grievous sin? And yet I have noticed that in the course of a few years the black sheep not unfrequently undergo a change, and become once more respectable members of the flock. To be plucked for an examination is a serious thing for a man who has nothing to look to but his profession; to be rusticated from his college is a still graver matter; and to be expelled is almost ruin. Hence it happens that the black sheep, under the severe discipline of life, first become, as it were, grey—grey with anxiety and distress; and next white—white, as it were, with a premature old age; and then they are welcomed back to the flock, no longer black sheep but white;

and no one whispers a word against them, for who shall undertake to decide between the whiteness of innocence and purity and the whiteness of a repentant and sorrowful spirit?

But we are wandering away again from the operating theatre. The benches which rise tier above tier, to the number of some eight or ten rows, are now well-nigh filled. The upper rows are occupied by the pupils, while the two lower are reserved for the staff of the hospital, and for strangers. Here you may see surgeons from the country, who are anxious to compare their own practice with that which prevails in the metropolis. Here you may see army surgeons, worn and weather-beaten men who are at home on furlough or sick leave, and who have come to pay a visit to their *alma mater*. Here you may see distinguished medical men from various parts of the Continent, from Paris, from Vienna, from Berlin, from Copenhagen,—men of European celebrity, who have taken advantage of a summer holiday to judge for themselves of the state of English surgery.

Here you may see surgeons from the other side of the Atlantic, full of the freshness and vigour of the New World. Here you may see men of colour from Africa, from Hindostan, from China, or from Japan, who have been sent over to this country to be instructed in the divine art of healing. Here I have seen an elderly Parsee gentleman

sitting, in his high mitre-like hat. Here I have even seen a strong-minded American lady doctor, sitting in the front, and taking an intelligent interest in everything that was done. This is one of those touches of nature which makes the whole world kin, and brings human kindness from the ends of the earth to study how it may alleviate human suffering.

The area of the theatre is occupied by the surgeons to the hospital, and by the pupils in immediate attendance upon them, while in the middle is placed the high wooden couch upon which the patient will be laid, and which stands full in the light that streams down upon it through the large cupola in the roof, on this brilliant afternoon in July. In one corner a couple of porters are wringing out sponges, and preparing the cloths and towels that will be required. In another corner the house-surgeon is arranging on a small table such instruments and dressings as are likely to be wanted. But with all this there is very little noise, and no disorder, no confusion. This is only what takes place every week, and hence it happens that each individual is well acquainted with his duty, and does it quietly.

In this busy scene of active workers and interested spectators, the surgeon who is about to operate appears the most unconcerned of all. *His* calmness is not easily disturbed. He is a man of

great natural coolness and courage, cautious in determining, but prompt and resolute to perform. He is very dexterous and skilful; few can use their fingers so neatly as he can, or handle a knife with the same firmness and ease. He is an accomplished anatomist, and thoroughly versed in the science of his profession. He has had abundant experience as an operator, and what he is going to do to-day he has done twenty times before, so that it is nothing more to him than a skirmish is to an old campaigner. Moreover, his plans have been laid and his orders given long ago. He has explained to the house-surgeon what he intends to do, what instruments he will require, and so forth, and now he can spare a few minutes to talk to his friends, to ask his former pupils of their welfare, or to inquire into the state of surgery abroad. Presently the folding-doors are thrown open, and the patient, wrapped in blankets and laid upon a canvas litter, which is supported on poles and carried by a couple of porters, is brought into the theatre. He is attended by the nurse who has had the charge of him while he has been in the hospital, and upon whose intelligence and skill his future prospects in a great measure depend. Gently and carefully the litter is laid upon the couch, the poles are withdrawn, the porters retire, the nurse falls into the background, and the patient is left with his face turned towards

the benches, with the two hundred pairs of eyes converging upon him. A trying moment, indeed, and one that is likely to show what stuff a man is made of! But Robert A—— bears the scrutiny well. He seems to be made of one of the better descriptions of clay. As he lies there, calm and collected, fully aware of the danger he is about to incur, but meeting it quietly and bravely, you would say that a more likely man to recover well from an operation could not easily be found. The surgeon who is about to operate takes his hand and greets him kindly; the house-surgeon says a few comforting and reassuring words, while the pupil who has had the special charge of his case inquires after his welfare. Though he is in a very trying position, and surrounded by strange faces,—though to the great majority of those present he is nothing more than the subject of an important operation,—it is clear that he has many friends at hand who are deeply interested in his case, and who will take good care of him.

And now the pupil who is to give the chloroform, and whose whole and sole business it will be to watch its effect upon the patient, approaches, and is proceeding to explain how it is to be inhaled. 'Give me one moment, if you please, sir,' said Robert A——; and then, with his hands folded palm to palm, like a child, he remained motionless for a few seconds, with his large, clear,

calm eyes looking upward, gazing through the cupola, and penetrating the blue depths beyond. Very touching it was to see his simplicity and his earnestness. We all knew what he was doing,—praying. Immediately the hum of conversation ceased, every voice was hushed, while the poor navvy told us by deed and gesture the secret of his patience and the source of his confidence and trust. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.'

Then he turned to the pupil, and said, 'I am ready now, sir,' and immediately he began to inhale the chloroform. But while it was being given, his thoughts seemed still to be in that far-off region beyond the cupola and beyond the blue sky; for in his rambling talk he spoke of such delightsome things,—of green pastures, of palm trees, of crystal rivers, and the like,—that, as Bunyan says, 'I wished myself among them.'

A few minutes sufficed to bring him fully under the influence of the chloroform. The operating surgeon then removed the blankets, and uncovered the knee. The two hundred pairs of eyes were at once directed upon it, and there was a slight rustling and movement among the spectators, as they adjusted themselves so as to get a good view, and then all was still.

A sheet of crimson baize was laid under the limb, and arranged so as to cover the other leg

and protect the patient's clothing. The surgeon then steadied the knee with his left hand, and in his right he took the knife which was handed to him by one of the pupils who was stationed at his elbow; while the house-surgeon stood opposite him, on the other side of the couch, ready to give such assistance as might be necessary from time to time during the progress of the operation. Steadily and deliberately, without hurry and without delay, each step of the operation was performed. There was no fuss, no confusion, and little or nothing was said, for a word or a gesture from the surgeon was enough to indicate what was wanted or what was to be done. The well-being, the very life of a fellow-creature was at stake. The occasion was a grave and serious one; and gravely and seriously must it be treated. At any moment some unexpected difficulty might arise, which it would require all the self-possession and ingenuity and skill of the surgeon to overcome. But happily in Robert A——'s case no such complication arose. It was a simple, straightforward case of its kind. In a few minutes the diseased knee-joint had been removed. In a few more the vessels were tied and the wound closed. The leg was then laid upon a hollow splint, which kept it perfectly steady, the line of the incision was covered with a few folds of wet lint; and in about twenty minutes from the time when the

patient had been brought into the theatre the whole operation was completed. The hum of conversation recommenced; the patient was allowed to recover from the chloroform, and with a bewildered stare he looked around on the scene before him, so different from the dreamland he had just left!

The blankets were replaced, the poles again attached to the canvas litter; and gently and carefully Robert A—— was lifted off the couch and carried back to his ward, attended by the pupil in charge of the case, who went to see that the leg was not injured in the transit, and that the patient was properly placed in bed.

The surgeon then came forward again, and, standing by the wooden couch, he gave a brief account of the case; explained why it had become necessary to perform an operation, justified the particular proceeding which he had adopted,—a proceeding, by the way, which was then on its trial,—and finally he invited his auditors to observe for themselves the nature and extent of the disease which had been removed, and to say whether or not he had been right in the course which he had taken. The rest of Robert A——'s story is soon told. For a few days he was in great jeopardy, and much anxiety was felt on his behalf, for he had been in the hospital now four months, and his patience, his gentleness, and his gratitude had

earned him many friends. We often have occasion to observe that a patient who has been a long time ill, and who has been reduced to a very low state, bears a severe operation better than one who is much stronger and more robust. The history of Robert A——'s convalescence illustrated the truth of this observation. After a few days he began to amend; and from that time forward his progress was uninterrupted. In about six weeks he was able to get up and hobble about the ward upon crutches,—his right leg being stiff and straight, and only a little shorter than its fellow. At the end of three months he was well enough to say 'good-bye' to his friends in the hospital, and go down to his home in the country. He had now grown quite stout, and looked more robust than he had ever done since he came under our care. His eye was still calm and clear, his expression still grave and thoughtful, but there was superadded a cheerfulness which was something new. He was now like a sunbeam in the ward, gleaming and glancing across everybody's path. For a great change had come over him while he had been in the hospital. Before he was afflicted he never thought about his soul. He was so busy providing for the wants of the body, rising up early and working till late, that it was easy to find an excuse for neglecting the things of the spirit. But it is only when the ground is soft

that the husbandman can plough and sow his seed. And Robert A—— came to the hospital after weeks of sickness and suffering had softened and prepared his heart, and when the good seed was sown in it, it sprang up and bore fruit.

'I'm leaving the hospital, sir,' he said to me, 'a very different man from what I was when I coomed here, and I hope by the grace of God I shall never go back.'

THE VISITORS' HOUR AND THE CHILDREN'S WARD: A SKETCH IN HOSPITAL.

'I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing often-times
The still, sad music of humanity,
Now harsh, now grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.'

Wordsworth's 'River Wye.'

AT all hospitals there are certain fixed times when the patients' friends are allowed to visit them. It is obvious that such an arrangement is necessary, for without it the business of the place would be subject to constant interruptions. In an institution containing perhaps two or three hundred invalids, it would be impossible to permit their friends to come and go just as they pleased. Of course, when a patient is very ill, or when there is any special reason, the rule is relaxed, and his relations are offered every facility for seeing him, and are allowed, if need be, to remain with him while life lasts. But for all ordinary

cases it is imperative that visitors must come on certain days at certain hours. At these times the porters are on duty, the medical men and students are out of the way, and the patients can enjoy the society of their friends with as little restraint as the circumstances of the case permit.

The time which is usually set apart for the visitors' hour is in the afternoon from three till four o'clock, or from four till five, when the business of the day is over, when the work of the wards is finished, and when all parties about the place are most at liberty to welcome strangers.

I was one day prevented from paying my regular visit to the hospital till a later time than usual, and it was already the 'visitors' hour' when I entered the wards. What a strange sight they presented! The wide extent of the rooms, usually so calm and still, was now crowded with busy life, and disturbed by the sound of many voices. The order and harmony which generally prevailed, arising from the strict routine observed in the wards, from the exact similarity of all the beds and the uniform costume of the nurses, now seemed entirely broken up. What a scene for a painter was here! The Derby day, the railway station, the gambling table, have not a deeper or more touching interest, do not exhibit more thrilling incidents, than does the 'visitors' hour' at a large hospital. I wonder that the subject has

never attracted the attention of a Royal Academician. Here is a stalwart blacksmith, 'a hard-handed man,' sitting beside his wife, and brushing away the tears with his coat sleeve. He has marked but too truly, at the first glance, how much she has altered since last visiting day, and he wonders how she will be on the next, and the next. Here is a wrinkled old crone, with a twinkling eye and a broad Irish brogue. A party of her gossips, each much like herself, have come to visit her, and are telling her, with much laughter, of their last merry-making. Here is a girl, 'sweet seventeen;' she is in service in London, but her home is in the country, and she has no friends to come and visit her. Alone in London, and with no friends! God help her! But she is not forgotten; the lady superintendent of the ward keeps lingering near her bed, that she may not feel herself lonely or neglected.

These and many other similar scenes I witnessed as I passed hastily through the ward. As I had come at an inconvenient hour, I examined only those cases upon which it was absolutely necessary that I should give an opinion; and for the rest I contented myself with directing the house-surgeon what to do. In each of the rooms that I visited in turn, much the same thing was going on. Round each bed was a party of two or three who had come to see the patient, to relieve his

monotony, to inquire how he was getting on, or to bring some of those simple luxuries which the rules of the institution permitted. Last of all I came to the children's ward. It was at the top of the house, and it had a glass door which opened out upon the roof of an adjoining portion of the building. This open space upon 'the leads' served the little convalescents for a playground, where they could enjoy the air of heaven, and bask in the sunlight at any time, without the fatigue of going up or down stairs. It was a valuable addition to the ward. It commanded a distant view of one of the most crowded thoroughfares in London, where the passing cabs and omnibuses formed a constant panorama; while immediately below, a fountain in the centre of the square, which threw up a column of sparkling water, afforded an endless source of amusement to the little sufferers. A few hardy evergreens in pots were now arranged round the parapet, which in summer would be replaced by bright-coloured flowers. There were about a couple of dozen cots ranged round the walls of the children's ward, each with straight railed sides, upon which rested a board, which served both as a table and as a depository for playthings, scrap-books, etc. Each bed was covered with a blue-and-white checked coverlet, and each contained a tiny figure with a shrewd face and thin bony arms.

Here and there on the window-sills were placed fern-cases full of fresh green plants, and on the walls were a few bright pictures and illuminated texts. All the little patients were under eight years of age, for that was the limit of admission into this ward. Almost all had visitors; in most instances their mothers had come to see them, and had brought some trifling article—some toy or sweetmeat—to keep alive in their minds a pleasant recollection of home.

But there was one cot which particularly arrested my attention, and excited my curiosity. It was plain that the little patient's visitors belonged to two very different grades of society. On one side of the bed sat a poor woman, evidently *very poor*, but withal clean and tidy. She clearly belonged to what are called the *struggling* poor. She wore a dress which had once been black, but which was now of an olive-brown colour, and which had been frequently patched and repaired. Her bonnet and shawl and her widow's cap were likewise of the simplest materials and of the homeliest kind. On her knee she held a little boy of about four years of age, who did not at all understand where he was, and who was very anxious to go and play with the bright toys which he saw in the hands of other children in various parts of the room. In particular, he wanted to be allowed to go and

help a little fellow about his own age, who was laying out upon the floor in long rows the whole contents of an old 'Noah's ark,' which had been recently sent by some richer children as a present to the ward. On the other side of the cot stood two ladies, apparently a mother and her daughter, who belonged to the affluent class of society. They were handsomely though plainly dressed, and, to judge by the earnest looks which they directed to the little sufferer, and by the eager questions which they put to the poor woman, as well as to the lady superintendent and the nurse, it was certain that they felt a great interest in the poor child. As the case was one which I had not yet seen, and as it was one of a serious kind, I approached the bedside with the view of examining it, and the visitors with becoming delicacy all moved to a distant part of the ward. I had then an opportunity of hearing from the house-surgeon some particulars of the case. It appeared that on the previous day, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the child had been brought to the hospital in a carriage by the two ladies whom I had just seen standing by the bedside. They were very much agitated, and could hardly give a coherent account of what had happened; but they said that they were afraid the child had been knocked over by their horses, and that one wheel of the carriage had gone over him. It was

winter, the days were dark and foggy, the little boy had run suddenly across in front of the horses, had tripped, fallen, and, before the coachman could pull up, one of the fore-wheels had gone over him. He was at once picked up and put into the carriage, but, as he was stunned and insensible, there was no use in trying to ascertain where his home was. The shortest and safest plan was to take him to the hospital. Accordingly, to the hospital he was brought. The house-surgeon, in reply to the eager questions which were put to him by the distressed ladies, said that most probably the boy would be well in a few days;—such accidents were of frequent occurrence, and it was astonishing how much the elasticity of a child's bones would bear. He himself had known a little boy who had been run over by a hansom cab get up and shake himself, and then scamper away none the worse. In this manner he consoled the ladies who had been the innocent cause of a sad accident, and they took their departure, after seeing the child carried up-stairs, and promising to come and look after him the next day.

When this little boy had been picked up from underneath the wheels of the carriage, insensible as he was, he clutched in one hand a penny, and in the other a small parcel. The parcel had been wrapped up in brown paper, but it had

suffered so much from the mud, and from the wheels of the carriage, that the paper was not only torn, but its tissue was literally destroyed. It was therefore impossible to decipher the address, but the words, 'Mr. —— Pawn—, Strand,' could with difficulty be made out, written in what seemed to be an old-fashioned but lady-like hand-writing. Underneath the shreds of brown paper there appeared to be a cotton cloth, now stained and dabbled with mud, in which the contents of the parcel had been wrapped.

When the child was first brought to the hospital, as there was no clue to his name or address, the porter had shaken him somewhat roughly, and asked in a loud and authoritative tone what his name was, and where he lived. Thus aroused, he had opened his eyes slowly, stared round him, and said very deliberately, 'Jemmy Smith, 21 Percy Street, Westminster,' and then he immediately relapsed into the heavy stupor from which he had been aroused for the moment. Of course a messenger was sent at once to let his friends know what had happened to him, and where he was; and it was not long before his mother came to the hospital to see him. It will easily be believed that it was a terrible shock to her to find her little one lying in profound unconsciousness. The uncertainty attending such a state seemed even worse than if

he had met with some accident, such as a torn hand or a broken leg. She cried bitterly, passing from one paroxysm of tears to another, and it was long before she could speak of the child with any degree of composure. At length she said that he had gone to school that afternoon as usual. His school was at some little distance from his home, and she could only suppose, from the circumstances of the accident, that he had been induced to go on an errand, in order to earn the penny that was found in his hand. He had been known to do such a thing before, for he was thoughtful beyond his years, and was always anxious to bring home some trifle which he might give to his mother to eke out their scanty living. All through the evening the mother sat by her child, every moment expecting him to wake up and recognise her. But he awoke not; and at length she was obliged to go home to look after her other child, the little one whom we have already seen on her knee. Next day she came to the hospital as early as she could, bringing her younger child with her, and when I saw her there at the visitors' hour, she had already been keeping watch by the side of that little cot ever since nine o'clock. And still the patient slept heavily; no word had he spoken, no movement had he made; if anything, the stupor became more and more profound. This was what I

learned from the house-surgeon, and what I observed for myself at the time of my visit. But it was necessary that I should try and arouse the slumberer, that I might measure the depth of the stupor in which he lay, so as to form some opinion of its cause, and of its probable termination. I therefore applied strong smelling-salts to his nostrils, and sprinkled cold water on his face. Then I took hold of his shoulder and shook him, and at the same moment I shouted in his ear, 'Smith! Jemmy Smith!' But it was all of little avail. A groan, and a restless, impatient movement was the only response. However, before I desisted altogether, I thought I would try once more in a somewhat different manner; so I beckoned to the mother, and desired her to speak to the child, after I had first endeavoured to rouse him by repeating the measures I had before used. She bent over her little one, and said gently in his ear, 'Jemmy darling, do you know me?' There was magic in the mother's voice. It made its way to the oppressed brain. Slowly the child opened his eyes, vacantly he looked up, and, with a pause between each word, he said, 'I was running as fast as I could, but before I reached the shop . . . I don't know where I am,' and then his eyes closed once more, and he relapsed into a heavy and unconscious sleep.

The examination which I made of my little

patient led me to take a very serious view of his case. It was clear that he was not merely stunned; he had evidently sustained a very severe injury. Accordingly, I expressed to the poor mother, as well as to the ladies, the unfavourable anticipations that I had formed. Then I drew the house-surgeon aside, and explained to him precisely the opinion that I entertained of the nature and extent of the injury, and gave orders with regard to the treatment I wished to be pursued until I saw the child again. But at the time I was giving my directions, I had a foreboding that I should never see him again alive. He seemed so very ill now, and the stupor appeared to be growing every hour more profound. How will it fare with him, I thought to myself, in the midnight watches? That is always a trying time for the sick. The sun is then farthest from us, the darkness and cold are at their height, the powers of life, even of healthy life, are then depressed; how will the poor, weak, half-starved little one fare then? As I prepared to leave the ward, the widowed mother resumed her place by the side of the cot, the two ladies standing near her, and the lady superintendent and nurses began to busy themselves in carrying out the orders I had given. The ladies stayed a little longer, and then left, promising to return on the morrow. A couple of screens were drawn

round the little bed, and there, in comparative privacy, the poor mother kept her watch far into the night. But what could even a mother's love do in such a case, where the tenderest and most skilful nursing could be of no avail. She wanted very much to go home with her youngest child, but it was so evident that the lamp of life was rapidly dying out, that she dared not leave. Her younger child had been put to bed in one of the adjoining cots, and was by this time fast asleep, so she determined to stay to the end. Nor had she long to wait. About two o'clock in the morning, without even an uneasy movement, without the slightest sign of consciousness, her little Jemmy passed away. Next day the two ladies called at the hospital, and heard the sad result of the accident with which they had been so unwittingly associated. From the lady who presided over the children's ward they learned all the particulars of what had occurred after their last visit; and then they drove straight to Westminster, to find out the poor mother, and to offer her such material assistance as their position enabled them to give. From the first they had done everything that could be done in such painful circumstances; and I have the best reason for knowing that the same right feeling led them to make the poor widow an annual allowance during the rest of her life, and induced

them also to see that her younger child, now her only one, was properly educated, and started in a suitable occupation.

Of course, in due time, an inquest was held ; but very little information, beyond what is already before the reader, was elicited. Only one man had witnessed the accident, and he said that no blame could be attached to the coachman, that he was not driving too fast, and that it was the little boy's own eagerness and imprudence which led to his death. The medical evidence showed that the wheel of the carriage had passed over his left leg ; but this, strange as it may seem, was not broken, only severely bruised. But, besides this, he had sustained the most formidable injuries to the interior of the head—injuries which revealed themselves by no outward mark except a slight cut, but which were far more than sufficient to account for the fatal issue of the accident. It appeared probable that in his fall he had received a kick from one of the horses, and that this had produced the extensive fracture of the skull, which only became apparent after his death. Of course the small brown paper parcel was mentioned, and produced at the inquest. The coroner and each of the jury looked at it in turn, and tried to decipher the address, but to no purpose. The paper had been so torn and twisted, that, beyond the words, or portions of words, which I

have already mentioned, nothing could be distinguished. When it had made the circuit of the table and come round to the coroner again, he proceeded to open it, in the hope of throwing some light upon the errand in which the poor boy was engaged at the time he met with his accident, or upon the person who had induced him to undertake it.

When the string and the shred of paper which enveloped the parcel had been removed, the contents were not yet visible, for they were wrapped in what seemed to be a portion of an old pocket-handkerchief,—at least, it was a piece of fine cambric, with a deep lace border, and embroidered in one corner were the letters 'I. T.' It was a mere tattered fragment, and it was now discoloured with age, but it had evidently been handsome in its day. Had it been a bridal handkerchief, I wonder? Perhaps; I know not. If it had, what changes of fortune must the fair owner have seen since she first carried it! When it was unfolded, it was found to envelope a small old-fashioned silver-gilt mug, such as is not unfrequently given to children as a christening present. It had been much flattened and injured at the time of the accident, still it was easy to read upon it the inscription, 'Richard Martyn Trevathick, April 5th, 1811.' Inside the mug, carefully wrapped up in silver paper, were two rings:

the one a large and handsome mourning ring, inscribed with the words, 'In Memoriam, Richard Trevathick, Dec. 14th, 1823;' the other a plain worked ring, such as is usually worn as a guard, and on the inside was engraved, 'Richard Trevathick, Jane Martyn, May 10th, 1810,' and between the names was the old-fashioned emblem of two right hands clasping each other.

By the coroner's order an inquiry was instituted at all the pawnbrokers' shops in the Strand or its neighbourhood, to try and ascertain if any person of the name of Trevathick had arranged to pawn any articles. The ladies, whose carriage had caused the poor little boy's death, were most anxious to have the mystery cleared up, and spared neither money nor exertion. But no clue was ever discovered. The pawnbrokers had no such name as Trevathick on their books, but they said it was no uncommon thing for trifling articles to be sent to them by youthful messengers, by people who shrank from coming themselves to convert their trinkets into money.

The police used their utmost endeavours, and said they felt confident that no person of the name of Trevathick was living in that district of London. If there were such a person, she must be passing under another name. And so no clue to the mystery could be obtained. Who can tell the agonies of broken-down gentility which this great city

hides within its bosom? Of its physical distress, its squalor, its sickness, its starvation, we can indeed form some imperfect idea; but who can reckon up the tale of its reversed fortunes, its disappointed hopes, its faded ambitions? Who can tell the noble courage with which trials have been faced? Who can tell the patient endurance with which sufferings have been borne? Who can tell the antique virtue which has led many a one, who began life gaily in the sunshine of wealth, to give up one by one the most sacred and treasured relics, rather than depart from the simple honesty, the gentle high-mindedness, the quiet independence, which are of more value than even the most precious memorials of love?

A NIGHT IN HOSPITAL.

THE internal arrangements of a hospital are but little understood by the public at large. Most people are contented to know that there are such institutions for the relief of the sick poor, but they themselves rather shrink from visiting them or taking any part in their management. They have an exaggerated fear of the painful sights which they might witness, or of the risk of infection which they might run. And hence they are satisfied with giving a donation to the funds, while they bestow no further thought or care on the subject. There are others, again, who have a more genuine interest in the sufferings of their poorer neighbours, but are prevented by the pressure of business from assisting them personally, and yet who would, no doubt, be glad to hear what was being done for their benefit. It will be my endeavour in this paper to arouse the former class to a deeper sympathy, and to supply in some degree the information desired by the latter.

The work of hospitals, unlike that of many

public institutions, does not cease at the close of the day. The doors are always open ; at any hour applicants may obtain admission ; and whether they come at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, it is necessary that there should be officials on the alert to attend to cases of emergency. A night porter must always be at the door ; night nurses must always be on the watch ; and the resident medical men must be ready to rise at the first summons ; indeed, I have known the succession of applications to be such that the house-surgeon was kept out of bed the whole night. It was a Saturday night, when there are always an unusual number of brawls and cut heads, and in addition a fire had late at night broken out in the upper part of a house in a neighbouring street. Several persons who were asleep at the time had been badly injured before they could make their escape from the flames, and in consequence were brought by the police to the hospital. Thus it was that the house-surgeon was kept busy the whole night. No sooner had he attended to one poor sufferer, than the police arrived with another.

Well do I remember my own feelings the first time that I was so called. I was weary with a heavy day's work, all the heavier to me because of its novelty, and had sunk into a deep sleep, when I was aroused by the knock of the night porter, who had come to tell me that a man with a

broken leg had been brought to the hospital by the police. Being so thoroughly tired, I foolishly contented myself with giving directions as to where he should be taken, and what should be done for him, and then settled myself again to sleep. But I was not to escape so easily; about an hour afterwards I was again aroused by the unwelcome knock. The policemen had returned, with orders from their sergeant, that as no medical man had seen the patient they should remove him at once to another hospital. There was nothing for it, therefore, but for me to get up, visit the patient, and, having ascertained that his case had been properly attended to, go down and assure the policemen that such was the fact. This was what I ought to have done in the first instance, for, as house-surgeon, I was responsible for the treatment of all such cases during the interval between the visits of the surgeon-in-chief.

It is the custom at most large hospitals for the resident medical men to make a regular round of the wards every morning and evening, and that in addition to the visits of the principal physicians and surgeons. In the London hospitals—and it is with them that I am best acquainted—there are always at least two resident medical officers, a house physician and a house surgeon. Generally there are more; in some instances there are five or six who are responsible for the different

departments of the hospital. These resident officials are usually young men, who have lately received their diplomas, and are anxious to perfect their professional education by the experience which such positions afford. At those hospitals which have a medical school attached to them, it is usually the senior students who are appointed to these posts, and in many instances they are awarded according to merit, after a competitive examination, free board and lodging for three or six months being the reward of their success. The duties of the resident medical officers are to look after the patients of their several departments, to arrange their admissions and discharges, to carry out the instructions of the visiting physicians and surgeons, and to attend to casualties. I know no more responsible task that can be put upon the shoulders of a young man than that of house-surgeon at a large hospital. It frequently happens that a youth of not more than twenty-one years of age—and that is the earliest date at which he can receive a diploma—is appointed resident medical officer to a metropolitan hospital. He may there have the charge of eighty or a hundred patients, all seriously ill, and many of them sick unto death. In his wards he may have the care of those who have met with terrible accidents, or who have undergone serious operations, or are suffering from dangerous ill-

nesses; besides having to attend to the casualty cases which are constantly presenting themselves every hour of the day and night, and which often call for prompt, energetic, and difficult treatment. Those who are not familiar with the subject can have no idea of the strange variety of accidents which come before our notice. The house-surgeon may be summoned to see some one who has taken poison, or who has laid violent hands upon himself, some one who has met with an accident in the street, or on the railway, or who has got a cut head 'in a midnight brawl,' some child who has fallen into the fire, or who has scalded itself in attempting to drink out of the tea-kettle. I remember once, when I was house-surgeon, a young man was brought to the hospital by his friends, with a fish-bone in his throat. He was in great pain, and in great alarm. He could hardly breathe, and, as he threw himself about in agony, it appeared every moment as if he were going to be suffocated. Fortunately, at the first attempt I succeeded in removing the cause of his distress. It was a piece, about three-quarters of an inch square, of a bone of one of the coarser kinds of flat fish, so it had not only a considerable size, but it also presented four sharp corners, and it had become fixed in the poor fellow's throat in such a manner that it almost closed the entrance to the windpipe, while it caused him exquisite pain. I

shall never forget his delight when it was removed. The effect was magical. From having been in intense suffering and in imminent danger of life, he was in a moment restored to ease and comfort and safety. He literally danced round me, and, taking me by the hand, he shook it warmly and violently in token of his gratitude. Again, I have been called up in the middle of the night to see a poor woman of the lowest class, who had been brought to the hospital in a state of the most profound intoxication; but, notwithstanding everything that could be done for her, the stupor became more and more complete, until at the end of an hour she died. In fact, there is no end to the variety of cases to which the resident medical officers have to attend, and that by night as well as by day. And what makes the night work heavier than it otherwise would be, is the fact that the poor so often postpone bringing their sick to the hospital till a late hour.

During the day they cannot perhaps afford the time to leave their work and accompany their sick friends; or, while daylight lasts, they are able to manage for themselves, and it is only when night approaches that they feel the need of help; or they go on from hour to hour, hoping the malady will get well by itself; and it is only when darkness closes in that hope gives place to despondency, and they at length entertain the

idea of applying to the hospital. Whatever may be the explanation, certain it is that this habit prevails, and that it tends not only to the inconvenience of medical men by calling on them to do at night what might be equally well or much better done by day, but it is also prejudicial to the patients themselves, for many lives are undoubtedly lost which might have been saved if proper advice had been obtained at an earlier period of the case. But it is not only casualties and fresh arrivals which occasion night work in a hospital. Sometimes there occur among the in-patients cases of special interest or of a peculiarly critical nature, which require close attention by some one with more medical knowledge than is possessed by the ordinary nurses. In such cases it is not unusual for the junior medical students to be employed to watch by the bedside of the patient. One such occasion is especially impressed on my memory; an operation which is rarely required had been performed, and the utmost vigilance was needed to guard against serious consequences. Several students, of whom I was one, were appointed watchers. We were to take it in turns to sit beside the patient. Never by night or day was she to be left untended. The night-watch lasted from twelve o'clock to six, and this I had occasionally to take. The house-surgeon finished his round about ten o'clock,

and gave his final instructions for the night. The nurses who had been on duty during the day were succeeded by those who had to sit up during the night. The gas was lowered. The patients composed themselves to sleep. The attendants walked upon tiptoe, and spoke with bated breath. Gradually every sound was hushed, and in the spacious ward there was profound silence, broken only by the occasional tossing of a restless patient, or the low moan of one in pain, or the muttering of another who was talking in her sleep.

The scene which the hospital presented, the first time that I went to take up my midnight watch, struck me much. It was in the height of summer: the hot and restless day had passed into a cool and quiet night. The cloudless sky, which seems to descend so low, and the sun, which beats with such relentless violence on the streets and alleys of the city, had changed into the distant sky of night, deep blue, streaked with fleecy clouds, moonlit and set with stars. If during the day a haze of smoke hangs over the great metropolis, which destroys the clearness of the atmosphere and dulls the lustre of the sky, when night comes, and chimneys cease to pour forth their murky contents, the moon and stars often seem to shine forth with peculiar beauty. It was against such a brilliant midnight sky that the hospital stood forth, half visible in the clear

moonlight, and half lost in deep shadow as I approached it. There were a few lights in some of the windows, but for the most part the whole appeared to be in darkness. When I entered I found the night porter sitting in his great arm-chair behind a glass screen, reading the newspaper and discussing his midnight meal of bread and cheese. I passed on through the hall and up the great central staircase till I reached the women's surgical ward. Here it was that I was to keep my six hours' watch. The student who had been on duty since nine was looking for me anxiously. In a few sentences he told me the state of the patient, and then he hurried off that he might go home to bed.

My first business was to make myself acquainted with the condition of the woman who was placed under my care, and to ascertain that everything was at hand that might be wanted on an emergency. Then I had a talk with the nurse, first about the patient, and then about things in general; and we became so friendly that she offered to make me a cup of tea, an offer that I was by no means disposed to decline, for tea is a capital thing in the chill hours of the night, when one has a long watch before one.

Big Ben had just struck one o'clock. In the stillness of night, and with half the windows in the ward open, we distinctly heard his melodious

tones as he chimed the four quarters and then struck the hour. The last notes had hardly died away when I heard a heavy step in the passage. I recognised it as that of the porter. He passed the ward I was in, and I knew he must have gone to the house-surgeon's room. Some urgent case no doubt had been brought to the hospital, and the house-surgeon was required to attend to it at once. After that there was a frequent sound of footsteps passing and repassing the women's surgical ward, and presently the house-surgeon came in and told me the particulars, adding that he did not feel competent to deal with the case, and that, as there was evidently no time to be lost, he had sent off at once for Mr. B——, naming the principal surgeon.

Once more there was silence; the sounds of coming and going died away, and again my attention was devoted to the woman by whose side I sat.

At the end of about an hour the stir in the house was renewed; doors opening and shutting, footsteps passing hither and thither, and voices giving hurried orders. Ere long the house-surgeon came to tell me that Mr. B—— had arrived, and that he was going to operate at once. I called the nurse quickly to me, gave her precise orders as to how she was to watch and what she was to do, telling her at the same time that if she

had any cause for anxiety she would find me in the men's surgical ward, which was only on the other side of the central staircase. I then hastened away to give what assistance I could, and to profit as far as possible by the instruction which the occasion afforded. The scene which I witnessed was a striking one. The patient was lying in the corner bed of a long ward, which was full of sufferers, who had been suddenly awakened out of sleep by the unusual disturbance. Mr. B—— had just returned from a party when he received the summons to the hospital, and had come off at once in full evening costume. Around him were gathered the house-surgeon and some few students who lived in the immediate neighbourhood of the hospital, and who had been hastily called, and now appeared in all sorts of *déshabille*. As the lights in the ward were not sufficient, two of the students leant over the bed, holding candles, whilst a third brought the patient rapidly under the influence of chloroform, and then Mr. B—— in a few moments performed an operation which extricated the sufferer from the danger he was in, and put him in a fair way of recovery. In a few minutes more everything had been done, and Mr. B——, promising to explain all at his lecture on the morrow, wished us good-night; and, after giving a few additional directions to the house-surgeon, he left the hospital. He had not been

in the house half an hour, and in that brief space of time he had had the satisfaction of saving the life of a fellow-creature. This is only what is happening constantly in our large hospitals, and it is such incidents as these which make the work of a medical man so full of real human interest, for he is habitually dealing with those questions of health and sickness, of life and death, which have for man a supreme value and importance. As soon as the operation was over I returned to my post. Everything had gone on well during my brief absence, and nothing further occurred to disturb my watch. It was now three o'clock : in the stillness of the night, with open windows on all sides of me, I could distinctly hear the various clocks ring out the hour, and I could clearly see that the dawn had commenced, and that the coming day had already given some signs of his approach. To the eastward the dome of St. Paul's began to be visible, a graceful outline and an imposing mass, which stood forth in grand and solemn majesty against the brightening sky beyond. To the west, and at a greater distance, were the towers of the Houses of Parliament, dimly seen in the grey light. To the south was the long and lofty spire of a railway terminus. Not far off were the spires of several churches which are among the best specimens of Sir Christopher Wren's handiwork, and nearer still were the high

roofs of a neighbouring theatre and opera-house. These were the most conspicuous objects which met my view as I leant at an open window near the side of my patient's bed, and looked forth from the upper storey of the hospital, watching the first indication of dawn on a beautiful morning in June. But beneath the level of these more prominent objects was the vast expanse of brick chimneys and tiled roofs which characterize the small old crowded houses that occupy the central portions of the metropolis. Gradually, as the light increased, I could see more clearly the outlines of the larger buildings around me, and I could discern a multitude of details which had previously been hidden from sight. I could make out the narrow streets and alleys and courts, many of which were quite familiar to me, for I had often had to visit the sick poor of the neighbourhood at their own houses. I could therefore picture to myself something of the wretchedness and misery and squalor of the human beings who were crowded together under those dreary roofs. Many a scene that I had witnessed of poverty and distress rose up before my memory. In one house I fancied I saw the working man out of employment, and reduced to extreme want, approaching to starvation, his room destitute of all furniture save a heap of shavings, which served as a bed for the whole family; in another I

pictured to myself a sick wife lying in a dark corner of the room, while her husband and sons are busy at work beside her, but have no time to give her a cup of cold water, or to smooth her pillow; in a third a dead child lying in its coffin, while the father and mother are going about their usual employments, and brothers and sisters are playing around. But over all these scenes of poverty and woe night had for some hours drawn her veil, and sleep, nature's soft music, had caused the famished, the broken-hearted, and the bereaved for a while to forget their troubles. Their respite, however, was but of short duration. Already the dawn was far advanced, already the sun was giving tokens of his approach, and the gilded pinnacles of cathedral and palace were touched by his rising beams. How calm and majestic is the scene—

> 'As on some city's cheerless night
> The tide of sunrise swells,
> Till tower, and dome, and bridgeway proud
> Are mantled with a golden cloud;
> And to wise hearts this certain hope is given,
> No mist that man may raise shall hide
> The eye of heaven.'

What a contrast there is between the crowded haunts of sin and misery, and the pure, bright, invigorating approach of day! This seems to come like a messenger from the land where all

things are made new, calling us morning by morning to gratitude, holiness, and patient, unobtrusive exertion for 'the evil and the good.'

All this time the poor woman over whom I had been set to watch was sleeping quietly; she was naturally of a placid, easy-going temperament, and the imminent danger in which she lay was unknown to her. She was, of course, aware that the operation she had undergone could not but be attended by some risk, but of the critical nature of the case, which led us to take unusual precautions, she was in happy ignorance. So she slept on from hour to hour as calmly and peacefully as if she had been in her own cottage home in Herefordshire; for she was not a Londoner, but, like many of those who find their way into the metropolitan hospitals, she had come from a distance in order to benefit by the skill and experience which a great capital affords.

The hospital, like the streets and houses around it, now gave some slight signs of life. The nurse began to move about and make preparations for her morning work, and the patients one by one awoke. My night watch was drawing to a close. The church clocks in the neighbourhood struck six, and shortly afterwards the student who was to take my place entered the ward, and I was glad to make the best of my way to my lodgings, to get such sleep as the broad daylight and the

varied sounds of the already crowded thoroughfare would allow.

The object of this short sketch has been to show the constant and varied interest that there is about the business of a hospital,—an interest which is almost as vivid by night as it is by day.

But some may be inclined to say, 'True, but it carries with it a great deal of hard and harassing work, and it seems that neither the surgeons-in-chief, nor the house-surgeons, nor the students, can call their time their own. At any hour they may be summoned to these "interesting cases," and required to take upon themselves the responsibility of dealing with a crisis involving life or death.'

And so, no doubt, it is. But no one has the making of a doctor in him who has not some of the 'enthusiasm of humanity,' who is not willing to sacrifice in some degree his own personal comfort and ease for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

And is not this the case more or less in all professions and in all departments of life? What real work can be done in the world without self-sacrifice, and without coming in contact with the dark side of human nature? The clergyman is constantly dealing with sin, the lawyer is constantly dealing with crime, and the medical man is constantly dealing with disease. The fact is

that we are here placed in a world which is out of joint, morally and physically, and our unceasing effort is to reduce the evil to the lowest possible point, and to mitigate its consequences. To this end all earnest endeavour is ultimately directed. To this end we legislate; to this end we make war; to this end we study; to this end we work; and human exertion is noble just in proportion as it tends to this result. When Christ would set us the example of a noble life, sustained by divine energy and guided by divine wisdom, it was as a Preacher and a Healer that He came. It was to the two most urgent necessities of our nature that He addressed Himself; for there is nothing that men need so much as virtue and health. They may be happy in the most opposite climates, under the most different governments, surrounded by the most varied social conditions,—but they cannot long be happy without virtue and without health. If, therefore, we may be permitted to follow in some slight measure in the steps of our divine Master,—if we may be allowed to minister to some of the most pressing wants of our fellow men; if we can cause the lame to walk, the blind to see; if we can put strength in the place of weakness, health in the place of sickness, and reason in the place of insanity,—we may well be contented to put up with work which is hard and oftentimes harassing.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN HOSPITAL.

BEFORE this month has expired, we shall have had another visit from old Father Christmas. The season will have come round again which speaks of peace on earth and good-will among men. The short days, the long nights, the frost, the snow, will have returned, and by the inclement weather the thoughts of many will be carried to the sufferings of the poor. John Bull is a kind-hearted man after all. He likes to grumble, it is true, and he always fancies that he is being cheated and ruined; but still, whenever a case of distress arises, he is ready to put his hand into his pocket, and he generally finds plenty of money there. In a very short time we shall see the daily newspapers opening their columns to appeals of all sorts. There will be appeals from night refuges, ragged schools, soup kitchens, and a score of other charitable institutions; and perchance some one may be bold enough to ask for aid in buying the plum-pudding for a Christmas dinner, or the presents for a Christmas tree. In the midst of these kind thoughts it is tolerably certain

that the sick poor will not be forgotten. The voluntary hospitals will put forward their claims. They will remind us of the amount of sickness which the winter always brings along with it, in a climate such as ours. They will tell us of their wards, which are full to overflowing; and they will point to their exhausted treasuries. With such claims upon our sympathy, they will ask how they are to meet their current expenses, to say nothing of providing some extra good cheer for the patients at Christmas-time; and they will not appeal in vain. John Bull will send a five-pound note, and his wife and daughters will set to work to prepare a parcel of warm clothing, in order that the convalescents who are discharged from the wards may be better enabled to withstand the severity of the weather. In particular will the kindly feeling of the Bull family be drawn forth towards the poor sick children. It seems doubly hard for them to have to spend their Christmas Day in hospital,—for them who are yet in the spring-time of their lives, and who ought to be brightening some happy home with their rosy faces and their ringing peals of laughter.

That they should be lying ill in bed when all the world is keeping its 'merry Christmas,' is so very sad. It appears but natural that the old folks should be ill, for infirmity is incidental to their time of life; but that the young should be

obliged to lie in bed, perhaps even to keep one constrained position,—this is so unnatural that we cannot fail to be touched by it. So it happens that, when our medical charities call upon the public for special assistance at Christmas-time, they always meet with a ready response. Many of those who cannot minister personally to the poor sufferers,—who cannot do anything to alleviate their pain or to shorten the weary days and weeks that they must remain in the hospital,—are glad to help the committee of management to enliven the wards with decorations, to provide some better fare for the patients, or even to 'plant' a Christmas tree. There are few hospitals, I apprehend, at the present day which do not make some effort to mark this festive season, and to let the patients feel that though they are sick and destitute, they are not beyond the reach of that universal benevolence which all Christendom delights to practise on the birthday of the Saviour.

Let it not be supposed that the approach of Christmas is unheeded even within the walls of the hospital itself. For weeks before it arrives it is a subject of thought and interest. The wards must be decorated ; and if this is to be done with due regard to good taste and picturesque effect, no small amount of time must be devoted to it. The lady who presides over the ward, or the

head nurse, has to consider where she can get the necessary materials,—the holly, the everlastings, the scrolls with appropriate texts, the coloured paper, and all the other things that may be requisite. Perhaps she may have some friend in the country who will send her a supply of evergreens, or perhaps some of the gentlemen who take part in the direction of the institution may order their gardeners to forward what is needed. If no such source of supply is available, a subscription may be set on foot, and the necessary materials ordered from Covent Garden. But when everything has been obtained only the first step has been taken: it still remains to form devices, to cut out patterns; and it is a point of laudable ambition with the nurses, that there shall be something of originality about their designs, that the arrangement of their decoration shall not be borrowed from each other's wards, and that it shall differ notably from the plan which they themselves followed on previous years. The lines of the windows, of the doors, and even of the clock, must be differently treated from what they have ever been before. The walls must be differently festooned; and to do all this in a way that will reflect credit upon them requires both forethought and ingenuity.

The forms which the decorations are to take having been selected, preparations are begun in

right earnest. The texts and mottoes which are to adorn the walls are chosen, the letters are cut out in brilliant blue and red paper, and stitched or pasted on calico. In this and future stages of the work the patients can assist, and it generally happens that both in the men's and women's wards there are some who are well enough to lend a hand, and whose previous occupations enable them to afford efficient help. I recollect on one occasion there were in one of the wards two men, the one a bricklayer, the other a painter, both of whom were entirely crippled and bedridden, but who, nevertheless, gave most valuable assistance by the ingenious devices they made. When the legends are finished, a fancy border of some kind must be put round them, and this is frequently executed in some wonderful combination of colours and forms, which would astonish Owen Jones. Then a basketful of roses, red, white, and yellow, has to be made ready to intersperse with the evergreens when the proper time arrives. Finally, chains of tissue paper have to be prepared by looping a strip of blue paper through a strip of white, and this again through a strip of red, and so on.

All this, as I have said, is the subject of thought and care for some weeks before Christmas comes. During the short December days it supplies plenty of work, and for the long December even-

ings it affords an endless topic of conversation. The preliminaries are now well advanced, and everything that can be done before the evergreens arrive has been prepared. The evergreens themselves do not reach their destination till a day or two before the 25th. Then a cart, loaded like a harvest waggon, drives up to the hospital door. This is the signal for great excitement throughout the house. 'The holly has come! the holly has come!' is echoed from ward to ward. In a brief space the porters may be seen hurrying about, their arms full of 'greenery,' which is duly apportioned to the different rooms. Then the business of putting up the decorations begins. Every available hand is pressed into the service, for there is much to be done, and all must be completed by Christmas Eve. Those who are well enough to use their hands, but who are yet unable to leave their beds, are set to make long ropes of evergreens with the tissue paper flowers interspersed; while those who can move about the room are helping the nurses to put up the legends, or even doing it for them. The presiding lady is busy everywhere, encouraging the garland-makers, advising and assisting the more active workers. For all she has a bright smile and a cheery word. She is in her element on an occasion like this, when her own holy joy can find expression in making others happy. A few hours of such

zealous labour produces a wonderful change in the appearance of the wards. The rounded arches of the windows are traced in evergreen lines. Along the walls are hung festoons, ending over each bed in a pretty device; on the panels and over the fireplace are texts and mottoes. The clock and the gasaliers have each their share of decoration, while here and there are placed emblematic designs, which are such intricate combinations of green leaves and everlastings that I cannot undertake to describe them. By eight o'clock on Christmas Eve the work has been completed, and the wards carefully swept out; and when the house-surgeon makes his rounds he finds the usual quiet and order everywhere restored, though he cannot fail to be struck, as he goes from room to room, by the variety and beauty of the decorations. And so the long looked-for day dawns, and even within the walls of the hospital there are many who greet one another with a 'merry Christmas.' And surely, if there are some there in whose ears the word 'merry' sounds like a mockery, some whose mirth has all departed under the pressure of sickness and pain, yet to all alike we may not inappropriately wish a 'happy Christmas'—happy in the best sense—happy in possessing that heavenly peace of which the angels sang. When ten o'clock arrives, all who are able to do so betake themselves to the

chapel, and there the chaplain—with Christ's own congregation before him, 'the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind'—in a few simple and forcible sentences speaks to them of the day, points out to them why they have been assembled for worship, explains why we decorate our churches and houses, and tells them the true source and significance of all this peace and good-will among men.

At noon there is dinner, the old English Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, for those who are well enough to eat it; and for the rest who are too ill to partake of such substantial food, fowls, or perhaps even a turkey, have been provided. Sometimes a member of the managing committee may send a present of game or a little light wine, to crown the feast; and there is generally some fruit by way of dessert. A great deal of quiet fun there is over the meal; many good wishes are expressed, many healths are drunk,—the health of the lady superintendent, of the nurses, of the surgeons, of the chairman of the committee, and so on.

Thus the Christmas dinner is ended, and, almost before the plates and dishes have been cleared away, visitors' hour arrives,—the hour at which the patients' friends are allowed to come and see them. Of course on a public holiday like this the number of such visitors is unusually great. They come streaming in, one or two at a time,

until there is hardly a bed in the ward which has not a little group gathered round it. Only two of the patients appear to be altogether friendless. One is an elderly man who has been sent up from a distant part of the country, and who has literally no acquaintance of any sort or kind in the metropolis. The other is a boy of about fourteen, who is one of the waifs and strays of society; whether he has any relations anywhere is extremely doubtful; at any rate, if he has, he has forsaken them, and they have quite lost sight of him. Three years ago he ran away from his home in Northumberland, left his aged and widowed mother, and got employment on board a collier. In this vessel he came to London, and he might have continued to serve in her, but that would not have suited him. He had no fancy for accompanying her back to Tynemouth. He was ashamed to go so near his old home and the mother he had treated so badly, so he bound himself to the captain of a ship engaged in the coal trade between London and Havre. And in that employment he remained for more than two years. But a terrible accident befell him. He was standing one day on the docks, watching a crane which was lifting a heavy weight out of the hold of a merchantman, when suddenly the chain snapped, swung round, and struck him a violent blow on the side of the head. When he was brought to the hospital he

was quite insensible, and very little hope was entertained of his recovery. But it is astonishing what the young will go through. Gradually his consciousness returned, and he began to amend. It seemed no longer impossible that he should recover. That injury that he had sustained was of the most formidable kind, affecting the brain itself, and thus giving rise to many interesting physiological questions. Could such an amount of damage to the citadel of life be repaired? If so, would reason still exercise her full sway? Would the patient still retain the full use of his senses? Would his nervous system remain as vigorous as before? In fact, the broken chain had given us an opportunity of witnessing an important experiment in physiology. His case was therefore watched with special interest, and he received a large share of care and attention. As his progress was very slow, and he remained many weeks in the hospital, he became quite at home, and when he was well enough he was constantly employed in assisting the nurses, or in doing little offices for the other patients. In fact, 'Gyp,' for that was the name he went by, was quite a pet. His bright face, his easy good-nature, his perfect contentment, and his readiness to help others, had made him a general favourite; so that, if he had no friends outside the hospital, he had many within its walls.

With the two exceptions that we have mentioned, all the patients have relations or friends who come and pay them a Christmas visit, and many are the interesting and picturesque groups which may be seen gathered around the beds. There is the old man, with his children by his side, and his grandchildren in his arms; the young man, with his brothers and sisters, or perhaps his shopmates around him; the lad, with his parents beside him, inquiring anxiously after his welfare. And in almost every instance the visitors have brought the invalids some little present,—generally in the form of tea or sugar, or something of that kind, which the rules allow them to give, and which they hope will add variety to the hospital diet, and perhaps tempt the sick man's appetite.

In this way the visiting time is soon spent, the moment of departure arrives; a bell sounds loudly in the central hall, the farewells are said, and the visitors hurry away. I daresay the nurses are not sorry to see them take their leave, for much remains to be done, and the day is wearing on apace. The great event of the evening, the Christmas tree, is to come off in this ward, and until the visitors are gone it is impossible to make the final arrangements. But now all is life and stir. A great box, something like that in which orange trees are planted, is brought in by

the porters; then they speedily return, bearing a handsome young fir-tree, nine or ten feet high. There is some difficulty in getting it in at the door, and no small labour is required to fix it upright and firm in its great wooden tub. All this consumes much time, and the tree has scarcely been 'planted' before the patients' tea-hour has arrived. But it is only a scrambling kind of tea that they get to-night. The nurses are too busy to attend to them in detail. They must for once shift for themselves, and help one another. The superintending ladies, the nurses, the resident medical officers, and a few of the students, are all occupied in preparing and decorating the tree, and hanging the bright-coloured fruit upon its branches. This fruit consists of a multitude of small articles, which the kind ladies of the hospital and their friends have been preparing for weeks past, and each present has been selected with special reference to the person for whom it is intended. There are comforters, muffatees, neckties, braces, socks, and so forth, for the men; there are small shawls, knitted vests, handkerchiefs, scissors, thimbles, etc., for the women; there are hymn-books, pictures, toys, 'pure sweets,' and many other trifles, for the children. Very soon, thanks to the activity of a dozen pair of feet and hands, the tree is in full fruitage, and it is difficult to understand how the candles can have room to

burn without setting fire to the branches or to the presents.

The helpers are busy trying to make space for all the pretty things, when nurses come dropping in from different departments to say that, as it is nearly seven o'clock, they are anxious to know whether the tree is ready, and how soon they may bring their detachments, of patients ; others, without making any such preliminary inquiry, come at the appointed time, perhaps carrying some invalid child wrapped up in blankets, or perhaps leading a couple of little ones, and followed by two or three of the convalescents from their wards. Then a place must be found for the poor sick children. They must be safely deposited in some vacant bed, where they can see everything, and wonder and enjoy, without being exposed to any draught or other danger.

The beds are now a little out of their places, and ranged so that the greatest number of invalids may have a view of the magnificent tree. All the patients who are well enough to sit up have been provided with chairs or benches. Many have come from other parts of the house, women walking with feeble steps, men supporting themselves upon crutches. In this way a goodly number are gathered together, and the men's surgical ward is rapidly filled. But these are not the only spectators. Some former patients who

had been a long time in the hospital, so as to become thoroughly known, and who had been lately discharged, have been invited to join the party. Then there are a number of the medical students, nurses, and hospital servants, as well as many of the friends and supporters of the institution. In some instances ladies have come on purpose to take the place of the nurses for an hour or two, so as to set them free to leave their wards and enjoy the treat. From all these sources a company of nearly two hundred persons is assembled, and a very lively and animated scene the ward presents.

At first there is a great deal of talk about the tree itself, its beauty, the number and variety of the things upon it, and so forth, mingled with many expressions of admiration and much pleasant laughter. As for the children, they sit and gaze open-mouthed at the brilliant spectacle.

But the candles are fast burning away. It is clear that some steps must be taken for the distribution of the pretty presents. What is to be done? The house-surgeon—the man of action, who is always called upon to take the lead within the hospital—is requested to act as distributor. Accordingly, being a humorous fellow, he mounts upon a chair and holds a sort of mock auction; and a great deal of fun and pleasantry there is before the various gifts are all assigned

to those for whom they were intended. Our friend Gyp is kept in constant employment, fetching and carrying. His name is often heard above the general hum of conversation, and his bright face is seen everywhere. Now he is taking a pair of warm gloves to an old man, now he is delivering a simple worked collar to a girl, now he is giving a fancy box of sweetmeats to a little child. The looks of surprise and pleasure with which the presents are received, the unfeigned delight they afford, must go far to repay those who have kindly provided them, and who have taken all the trouble of arranging this evening's amusement. Meanwhile the children are beginning to show signs of weariness. It is already long after their usual bed-time, and the little eyes that have looked so long and so stedfastly at the gay illumination are beginning to close.

Some of the visitors, too, are preparing to take their leave, so that it is clear that this happy evening cannot be much prolonged.

But the entertainment which has been arranged is not yet concluded. It has been proposed that there should be a few carols and hymns by way of a finale. The resident ladies, the nurses, and a few of the medical students, who have formed themselves into a sort of choir, have been practising a selection of suitable pieces for some weeks past, and now the time has come for their per-

formance. Silently and unobserved, they have been drawing together at one end of the room; and now—the mock auction being over and the presents all distributed—they commence their softest and most tender air. In a moment all other sounds are hushed. Music has special charms for invalids, the chorus of voices is well arranged, they are accustomed to sing together, their notes blend most harmoniously, their execution is excellent, and the parts are taken up with promptness and precision. Altogether the effect is admirable, and a round of well-earned applause greets the conclusion of the first carol. Thus encouraged, they proceed to a second and a third, both the subject and the strain assuming a more confident and jubilant tone as they advance, and, last of all, an evening hymn brings the little concert to an end. After this the party very rapidly disperses. The visitors say good-night. The nurses from the other wards collect their patients, wrap up the children, and carry them off in their arms. The few remaining ornaments of the tree are hastily collected and put away, the tapers are extinguished, the beds are pushed back to their proper places, the patients prepare themselves for sleep, and there is little left beyond the bare fir-tree, standing in the middle of the room, to indicate that anything unusual has been going on.

Thus Christmas Day closes. But the gladness and mirth that it has caused in the hospital will long be remembered. Peace and good-will have indeed accompanied it. It has brought together in the happiest way the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, the healthy and the sick. Some young eyes, too early accustomed to sights of misery, have been gladdened by a vision of Fairyland. Some hearts, embittered by the struggle of life, have been soothed and softened. Some sad and sorrowful spirits have been cheered by the kindness they have received. And many have had their hopes raised and their faith confirmed by the religious services of the morning, and by the bright and happy celebration of the great Christmas festival.

POEMS

WRITTEN BY DR. W. FAIRLIE CLARKE.

I.

'The Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee.'—Isa. xli. 13.

THROUGH the duties of the day,
'Mid the dangers that beset me,
Uphold my goings in Thy way;
Jesus, do not Thou forget me!
When my mind is full of care
And anxious feelings, that demand
Earnest thought and frequent prayer,
Jesus, hold me by Thy hand!

And when I lay my work aside,
And seek awhile some change of scene;
And when I climb the mountain side,
Or wander by the wooded stream;
Or when I sail the summer sea,
Or loiter by the rocky strand,—
Let me know that Thou art with me:
Jesus, hold me by the hand!

Jesus, when I'm called to part
Here from those I love so dearly,
When fondest heart is torn from heart,
Draw me to Thyself more nearly.

Send Thy sweet Spirit from above,
And give me grace to understand
The counsels of Thy chastening love :
Jesus, hold me by Thy hand !

Jesus, when Thou would'st have me bear
The cross of suffering or pain,
Thy cup to taste, Thy grief to share,
Let me not murmur or complain.
But only give me faith to see
That trials come by Thy command ;
Only let me have Thee near me :
Jesus, hold me by the hand !

Jesus, when my strength is failing,
When flickering life is on the wane,
When human arts are unavailing,
And all the help of man is vain ;
Then in that hour of agony,
O Holy Saviour, near me stand ;
Let me know that Thou art with me :
Jesus, hold me by the hand !

1860.

II.

JUDGE NOT. (MATT. vii. 1–5.)

'Let thy garments be always white.'—ECCLES. ix. 8.

JUDGE not another's conduct,
However strange it be ;
The secret strivings of his heart
Are little known to thee.

Judge not a doubting brother,
  Judge not, but let him see
The value of a living faith,
  And the power of grace in thee!

Judge not an erring sister,
  For thy wit cannot tell
The temptations and the hardships
  That lure her and impel.

Look not upon thy neighbour,
  But turn thine eye within;
Take a true and humbling measure
  Of the countless forms of sin.

And judge thyself severely;
  Bid thine own heart declare
The indolence, the selfishness,
  The pride that's lurking there.

Be thine own life pure and holy,
  Thine own faith bright and clear,
So that no stain of wilful sin
  On thy robe of white appear.

Be thine own heart ever open,
  And a warm love within;
Have a welcome for the sinner,
  But no fellowship with sin.

Pray for the weak and tempted,
  And pray for those that fall;
Pray for the doubting and faithless,
  And pray for thyself withal.

III.

MAY I LOVE THEE?

May I love Thee, Holy Saviour,
Though I have done Thee wrong,
And Thou hast waited, waiting, watching,
Patiently and long?

May I love Thee, Holy Saviour,
Though I have grieved Thee sore,
Departing from Thy guiding hand,
And wandering more and more?

May I love Thee, Holy Saviour,
May I love Thee, though my heart
Is defiled with all uncleanness,
That penetrates its inmost part?

Yes, I know that I may love Thee,
Yes, I know Thou wilt allow
The offering of a contrite heart
I bring before Thee now.

Yes, I know that I may love Thee,
Yes, I know Thou wilt forgive
The erring steps, the frequent fall,
And bid me rise and live!

Only teach me how to love Thee
With a purer, holier flame;
Loving on through joy and sorrow,
Through cloud and sunshine still the same.

Only show me of Thy beauty,
  Only give me eyes to see,
Only let me cease from self,
  Be absorbèd, lost in Thee.

IV.

LITTLE LILY!

Lily, Lily! little Lily!
  Pattering on the nursery floor!
Lily, Lily! little Lily!
  Tapping at the study door.

Lily, Lily! let me kiss you,
  Let me press you to my heart.
Lily, darling, how I'd miss you
  If—but no, I could not part!

Lily, Lily! little Lily!
  Lying uncomplaining there;
Lily, Lily! little Lily!
  Is it very hard to bear?

Tossing on a painful bed,
  Catching for a shallow breath,
Drops of sweat upon her forehead,
  O my God, can this be Death!

Lily, Lily ! little Lily !
Beautifully bright and fair ;
Lily, Lily ! little Lily !
Are you very happy there ?

Clapping hands, and weaving flowers,
Tripping o'er the meadows gay,
Singing through the endless hours,
With your little friends at play ?

Yes, I know my thoughts are earthly,
But your ways I cannot tell ;
So I think of you as happy,
By the signs I loved so well.

1870.

V.

THE OUT-PATIENT.

WELCOME her kindly and tenderly,
Speak to her softly and low ;
Though her eye looks bright and her spirit seems light,
Her heart may be breaking below.

Perhaps she is weary, perhaps she is faint,
Or thinly and scantily clad ;
Perhaps it is fear of what may be near
Makes her so mournful and sad.

Or perhaps some trial that's sorer still
  Is pressing upon her heart,—
Some loved one may lie, sick and ready to die,
  And that makes the tear-drops start.

Then bear with her tale of trouble,
  Though her speech is broken and slow ;
Let her sob, let her weep, her grief is so deep
  That her tears they must overflow.

Give heed to all that she has to say
  With patient thought and care :
She knows not what to do ! she depends upon you
  As she stands in her loneliness there.

She has had to leave her wonted work,
  She is so anxious and ill ;
Trembling and weak, she comes to seek
  The help of your knowledge and skill.

Then deal with her gently and lovingly,
  Counsel her wisely and well ;
The good that you do may be known to few,
  But the comfort to *her*—who can tell ?

And grudge not time, or toil, or thought ;
  The reward you shall surely see :
For what you have done to the suffering one,
  'You have done it,' He saith, 'unto Me !'

1869.

VI.

THE VOICE OF THE SEASONS.

SPEAK to me, O ye seasons, speak,
As ye flit in beauty by;
Let your changing forms, through sunshine and storms,
Bring messages from on high.

What do ye say, fresh leaves of Spring,
With your tints of various green?—
Be active and bright, and with all your might
Let your living faith be seen.

What do ye say, fair Summer flowers,
As dewdrops tenderly fall?—
Look ever above, and with breadth of love
Be gentle and sweet to all.

What do ye say, rich Autumn fruits,
When droopeth the laden bough?—
Redeeming the day, work hard while you may
For the reaping-time is now.

What do ye say, bare leafless trees,
As ye meet the wintry blast?—
Let the winds roar and rave, be patient and brave,
The sun will break forth at last.

1878.

VII.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

'Tis gone, and now another year
Has opened on our sight;
'Tis gone, with all its hopes and fears,
Its dark days and its bright;
And now a new and untried year
Dawns with the morning light.

New and untried! And yet methinks
There is no cause to fear;
He who has led us hitherto
Will still be always near;
The Shepherd's guiding, cheering voice,
Will still be in our ear.

Only let faith and active love
Be yours, my friend, and mine;
So clearer light upon our path
From day to day will shine;
So blessings from our Father-God
Shall hallow 'Seventy-nine.'

January 1, 1879.

VIII.

MY WISH FOR MY BOYS.

My little boys, my little boys,
May happy days be yours,
While playing on the golden sands
That fringe our southern shores.

With sparkling eyes and active steps
  Methinks I see you run,
With wooden spade and tiny pail,
  All eager for the fun.
And as you dig the mimic trench,
  Or rear the mimic tower,
May freshening breezes of the sea
  Bring health, and strength, and power.
And when you lay aside your sport,
  And homeward take your way,
To where the gardens of the Steyne
  Their grateful shade display,
Bring with you from the pleasant shore
  These lessons, trite but true,—
You will have need of them, my boys,
  To calm and strengthen you.
You see the rocks, the solid rocks,
  So massive, grand, and still;
Like sentinels they stand, resolved
  Their duty to fulfil.
While at their base the eager waves
  In constant motion play;
They swell and surge, then onward rush,
  And break in showers of spray.
Yet, diverse as these are, they each
  Obey their Lord's command:
The restless waves, the solid rocks,
  By His design were planned.
And we too have a task assigned,
  A task life-long and great,
And sometimes we must run the race,
  And sometimes stand and wait.
O happy souls, who, taught of God,
  Can ponder, watch, and pray,

And thus can ever read aright
The duty of the day.
May wisdom such as this, my boys,
From heaven be poured on you,—
That each may see his path, and tread
With footsteps firm and true.
With high resolve and constant toil,
Each doing what he can,
By grace Divine may each grow up
A noble Christian man.

June 1879.

IX.

A SONG FOR MY BOYS.

COME, my boys, and have a walk,
And we'll beguile the road with talk
About the places and things that we see—
That's the way for my boys and me!

Where the Rusthall rocks are steepest,
Where the Medway pools are deepest,
Where Penshurst Place o'erlooks the lea—
That's the way for Charlie and me!

Where Speldhurst tower crowns the hill,
By Bedborough Church, and past the mill,
Where primroses grow 'neath the ilex tree—
That's the way for Ally and me!

Over the common, and down the dell,
To where the rock o'erhangs the well,
To feed the geese that are roaming free—
That's the way for Willie and me!

Over the stile, and down the glade,
Where hyacinths bloom in the hazel shade,
As birds are singing their blithest song,
Hand in hand we'll march along,
With his toddling footsteps, one, two, three—
That's the way for Baby and me!

Southborough, 1879.

X.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

As year is following year, my friend,
And mingling with the past,
We'll plight our love anew to-day,
And bind our friendship fast;
Then, side by side, press on to win
The victor's crown at last.

As comrades fall on either hand,
And fiercer grows the fight,
We'll close the ranks, and pass the word,
And keep the watch-fires bright;
Each brother cheering brother on
To gain the heavenly height.

Then will you pray for us, my friend,
As we will pray for you,
That come what may, with humble faith,
We may be brave and true ;
Still ever striving to redeem
The new year, eighty-two !

January 1, 1882.

XI.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

SENT WITH A HEARTSEASE DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

A HAPPY Christmas ! May this Heartsease be
Fit emblem of the peace it brings to thee !
May purest joys and highest hopes attend
Your home, your plans, your work, my own dear friend !
May holy thoughts surround the closing year,
A sunset calm and bright, serenely clear ;
Then may the dawning light of eighty-three
Shed heaven's own sunshine over thine and thee.

December 25, 1882.

XII.

THE LAST NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

ANOTHER year is ending: once more, my friend, we stand,
And gaze with wondering outlook from this the border land.—

We glance behind: with thankful hearts we trace the lengthening track
Of mingled shade and sunshine through the years that stretch far back;
Then, turning to the Shepherd who goeth on before,
With humble faith and stedfast hope we enter eighty-four.

It may be that the pathway will lie through pastures green,
Where sparkling rills and brilliant flowers reflect the summer sheen;
It may be that our weary feet, through shadows damp and chill,
Shall tread a rough and thorny path along some moorland hill:
But, looking to the Shepherd who goeth on before,
With humble faith and stedfast hope we enter eighty-four.

But come what may, with heartsome words we'll cheer each other on,
And, looking upward, onward press till the sunny heights are won;
When, mists and darkness ended, we pass into the light,
Where hope is changed to certainty, and faith is lost in sight:
Then, following the Shepherd who goeth on before,
With humble faith and stedfast hope we enter eighty-four.

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